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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVI No. 1908 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — AUGUST 15 1936

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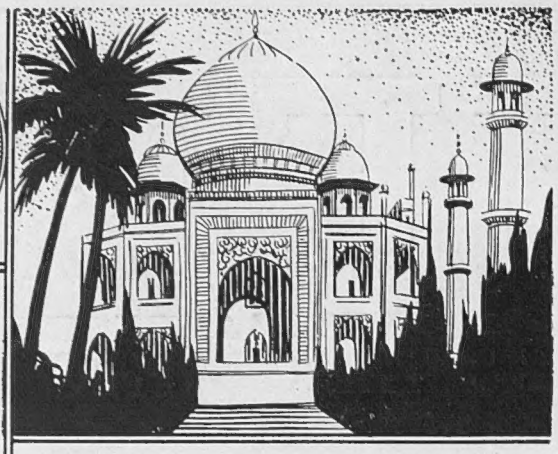

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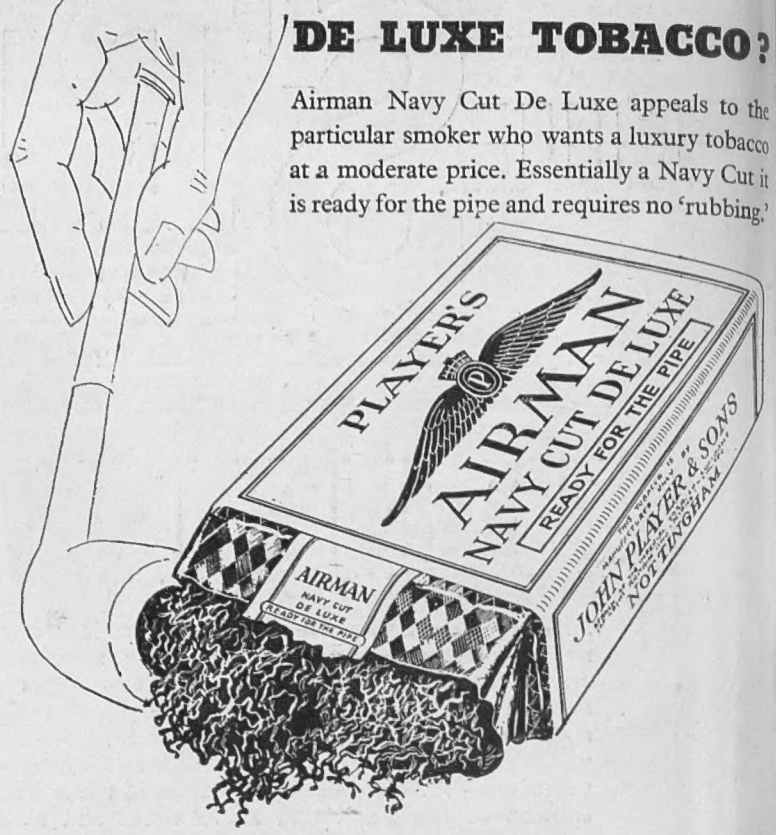

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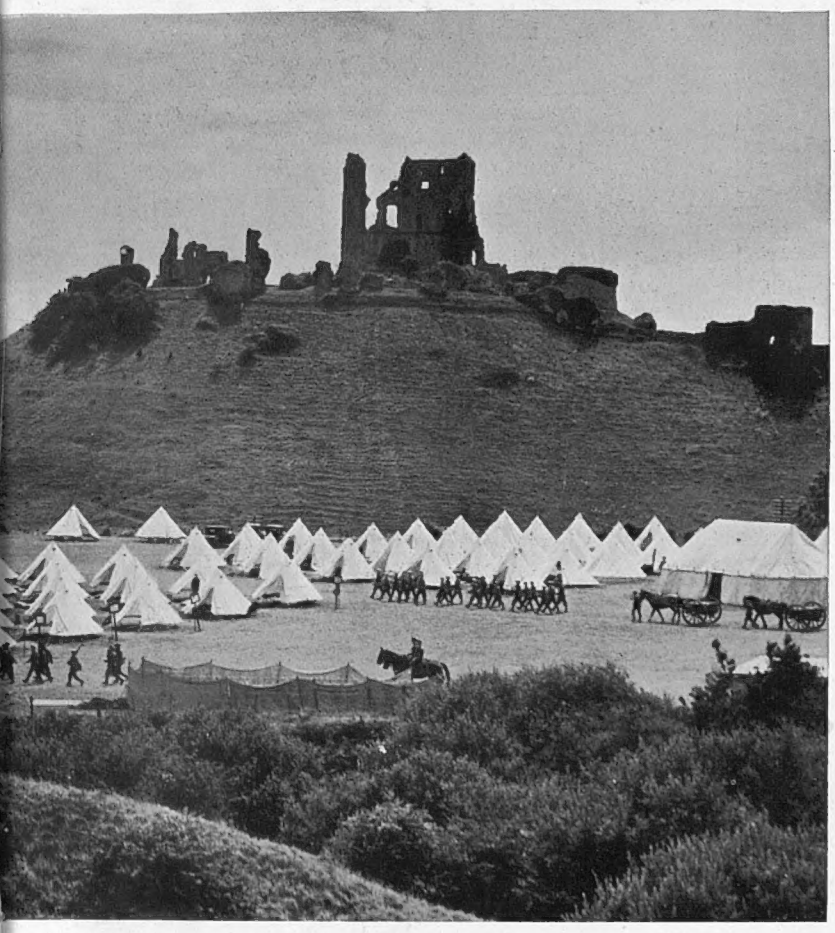
sealing-wax and made only the one mistake of flying too close to the sun and getting unstuck with the heat, it was certain someone would achieve the impious, unnatural, Promethean deed and bring down on our heads the wrath of the insulted gods on Olympus (who prefer privacy, as I do). Blériot did it, not rashly, but after infinite pains and experiments. He flew across the sea in a basket suspended under a 25-h.p. engine, which could perhaps lift 10 stone and run for thirty minutes non-stop. One has nothing but praise for Blériot. Some of us venture to reserve judgment on the new chapter which he opened in the troublous history of mankind. Twenty-seven years ago it was a prettier world—an easier world; is it not fair to say a happier, even a better, world? Perhaps it wasn't so for the majority. Perhaps, after all, one isn't justified in speaking for oneself, though one gets no thanks for speaking more widely. Anyway, I don't suppose it was Blériot's fault.

MR. PRIESTLEY'S SUDDEN PANIC.—To my shame be it said, I have not hitherto been one of Mr. Priestley's million-mark readers. But all that is past. During a wet holiday week-end I fell with avidity upon *They Walk in the City*, and found it very satisfying. All great discoveries—and especially those which are money-makers—confound you by their simplicity. You say ruefully when you hear of one such: "Good heavens, I or anyone could have thought of that." (As for example that old money-making patent of a narrowing, grooved end for a wax candle, to fix it into the candlestick socket.) Mr. Priestley's discovery was just as simple. To-day in literature—that is, in novel writing—it pays to be cheerful, to be optimistic, to be good. There is money in happiness, though happiness is so much harder to put on paper than misery. After twenty years of disillusion, black depression, cynicism, dirt, and suicidal introspection, Mr. Priestley "invented" simple happiness, essential decency, simple folk whistling at their work, good Samaritans on the road, "the wind on the heath, brother," motherly landladies and kind-hearted policemen—and he gained a pre-publication subscription of 50,000 copies. It was so simple, his discovery, and so apt. It pays to be good. But, having made it, and benefited by it, Mr. Priestley suddenly wavers in his faith in simple goodness and his public. After a few hundred pages of delicious, wholesome fare suitable for girls' schools (the Victorian type, of course), Mr. P. suddenly said to himself: "They'll never stand any more of this. I shall lose my flapper vote. I must be a bit Vickibaumish, I must cut into and cut out the crime-club line, I must mix in some sex and murder." So his simple, virtuous hero and heroine are cast into a gilded bawdy-house, with a corpse on the divan, champagne bottles on the piano, and a detective at the end of the telephone wire—and Mr. Priestley, afraid of a happy ending, the very kernel of his creed, leaves his young couple in the air, about to face the magistrate. How to account for Mr. Priestley's loss of faith? All the same, I return him thanks. He put the O.K. into a soaking week-end for me.

LOWDHAM GRANGE.—While in Spain Fascist and Communist continue to struggle for supremacy with incredible ferocity and bitter and destructive vengeance; while a new military dictatorship has brought Greece once more into the catalogue of troubled European States, after an all too brief absence from the news, one looks round for patches of light and wisely looks nearer home. Somewhere, all the time, sane men are working constructively, not destructively, working directly for humanity and not for political and party ends. They are doing it at Lowdham Grange, in Nottinghamshire, where for six years a most interesting experiment has been quietly proceeding in a humanised Borstal Institution. The original Borstal system was a definite advance in humanity on anything which had preceded it in the sphere of correction of young offenders. The Lowdham Grange School is an immense advance again, and owed its foundation to the ideals and energy of Mr. W. W. Llewellin, who has now passed on to the perfection of another school on similar lines. His great idea was simple enough—to do away with bolts and bars and constant supervision and to put the boys, and also their parents, "on their honour," to gain every possible benefit from the opportunities which the school offered of repairing an initial error, of becoming a good citizen, trained to a trade, and fit in all ways to take a place in the world of useful citizens. At Lowdham Grange, the average school life of a boy is fourteen months. I believe, since the facilities are there, many boys run away. They never do so twice. When they return, they are neither severely punished nor put under close observation. They are told not to be silly and put on the "unemployed list." That is the supreme penalty at Lowdham. The character of each boy is studied and his ability and leanings ascertained. He is then set to a suitable trade in which he works as a "free man," under a foreman carefully chosen to be instructor, elder brother, and friend. Only when he falls below the moral standards of the school, which are fixed largely by the majority opinion of the boys themselves, is he temporarily transferred to the "unemployed list," to work under supervision at dull and mechanical tasks. The school is run much on the lines of an ordinary public school, technical rather than general education predominating. In an admirably lucid and full letter the parents of a new boy are informed of the exact details of his life at school and are made parties to his opportunities for making good. It is a heartening experience to pay a visit to Lowdham Grange and I recommend it to all who are victims of the pessimism of our day. Somewhere at least sane men are laying sound bricks.

THE BARNSLEY DISASTER.—It is small wonder that the coalminers of this country and of the whole world demand with confidence a living wage and expect the sympathy which the public, despite the outrageous price of domestic coal, freely give them. The industry, it is true, cannot pay its way if those who bring the coal to the surface are paid a wage adequate to compensate them for the risks and arduousness of their tasks. They none the less deserve it. The echo of the Gresford explosion in 1934 has mingled with the sound of a new explosion in a Barnsley colliery in which a working party of nearly sixty men lost their lives in one sector of the pit. The Gresford report is still being examined and its prime conclusion is that many sources of danger in mines have still to be explored, have never yet been considered. Coalmining disasters are constant, almost regular. Every year 1,000 miners on an average lose their lives, and this toll is likely to increase before it is reduced. Every year thousands more are maimed or temporarily injured. The Barnsley disaster, coming thus to point the moral of the Gresford report, is likely to have one gleam of light in the darkness of its tragedy; it must speed up those scientific investigations into the dangers of coalmining which we have delayed too long.

RUDYARD KIPLING.—A vast correspondence in the Press arose out of Mr. Oliver Baldwin's references to Mr. Kipling, to which I referred last week. His daughter has written the following letter to the Editor of THE SPHERE on the subject:—"In view of the paragraph appearing on page 207 in the August 8 issue of THE SPHERE, headed 'Rudyard Kipling by His Cousin,' and saying, among other things, 'that Oliver Baldwin claims to have known his cousin since the war more intimately than anyone living,' I should be very glad if you will kindly give equal publicity to the fact that for more than ten years prior to his death, my father, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, had neither seen nor communicated with Oliver Baldwin . . . ." I quote this letter without comment. It was with aloofness and impartiality that I made the reference to Mr. Baldwin's recorded utterances on the subject. It was a matter of interest of an hour, but in my view by no means one on which to join issue or to take sides. THE OLD STAGER



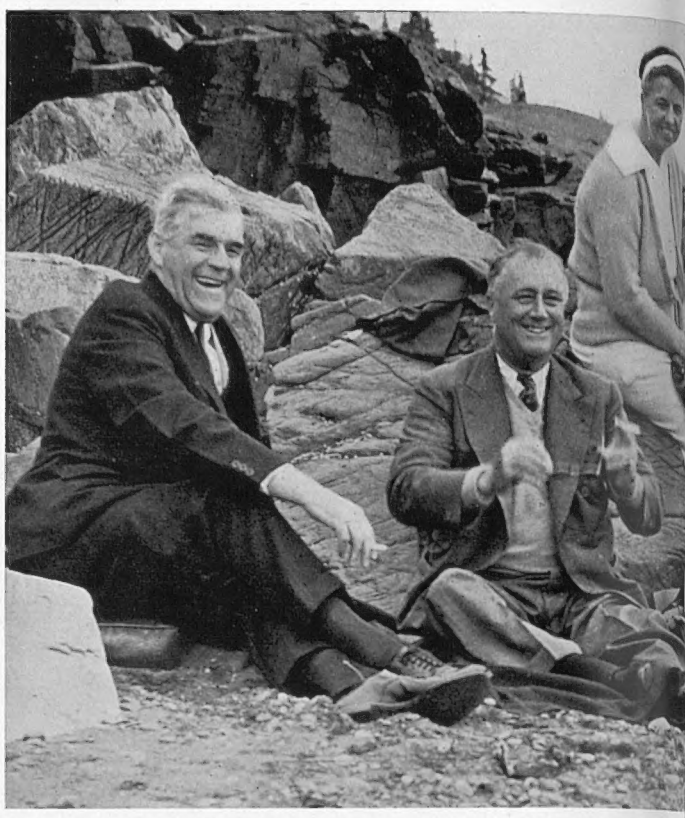
UNDER CANVAS IN THE SHADOW OF CORFE CASTLE: Summer military training is now in full swing throughout the country and one of the most picturesquely situated camps is that of the 129th Infantry Brigade (Territorial Army) in the fields below the famous Dorsetshire stronghold which in the days of its glory was so stoutly defended against the Parliamentarians. The 129th comprises the 4th and 5th Battalions, Somerset Light Infantry, the 4th Battalion, Dorsetshire Regiment, and the 4th Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment

THE YORKSHIRE PIT DISASTER: Members of a rescue party, equipped with oxygen apparatus, about to descend the Wharncliffe Woodmoor mine, near Barnsley, after last week's explosion which resulted in fifty-seven men losing their lives, some of them being buried under hundreds of tons of debris when the coalface where they were working collapsed on top of them, and others being overcome by the after-damp which swept through the galleries. This is the worst colliery tragedy since that at Gresford, North Wales, in September, 1934 and it has occurred in a neighbourhood which during recent years has had a particularly gloomy record of accidents

THE CROYDON AIR SMASH: The wreckage of the Imperial Airways liner *Velox*, a twin-engined 'plane not used on the regular passenger services of the company, which came down in the gardens of some houses near the aerodrome and caught fire, with the result that the Captain, Mr. L. F. Orr, the first officer, Mr. S. M. Fergusson, and the wireless operators, Mr. Arbuckle and Mr. Dear, lost their lives. The machine was engaged at the time on an experimental flight, testing apparatus

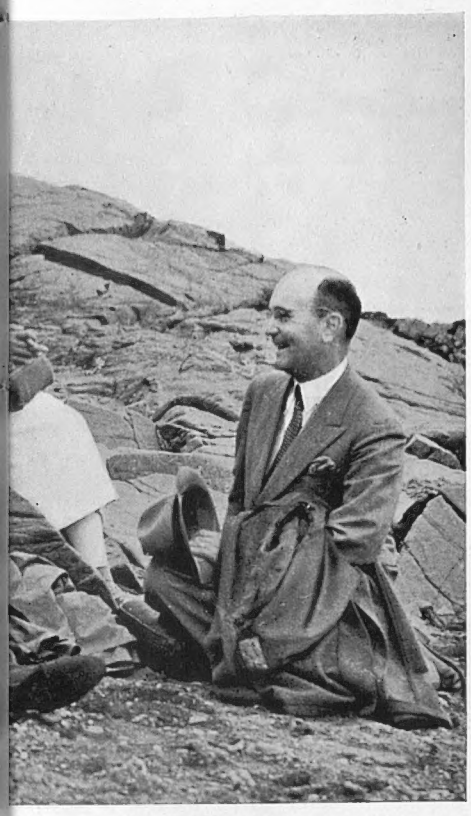
A 300-FT. PLUNGE: This car, which was unoccupied at the time, dashed over the cliffs at St. Margaret's Bay, Dover, crashing into a shallow pool only a few yards from where some people were sunbathing on the beach. The engine and the bonnet were damaged almost beyond recognition

ANOTHER AERIAL TRAGEDY: Holidaymakers examining the wreckage of an aeroplane belonging to No. 604 County of Middlesex Fighter Squadron which plunged into the sea near Bognor Regis on the same day as the Croydon smash. Pilot Officer Richard Montagu and Lt.-Colonel Fawcus, D.S.O., M.C., the occupants of the machine, were both killed. Two eye-witnesses of the disaster reported that the engine gave out after the 'plane had looped the loop twice in succession



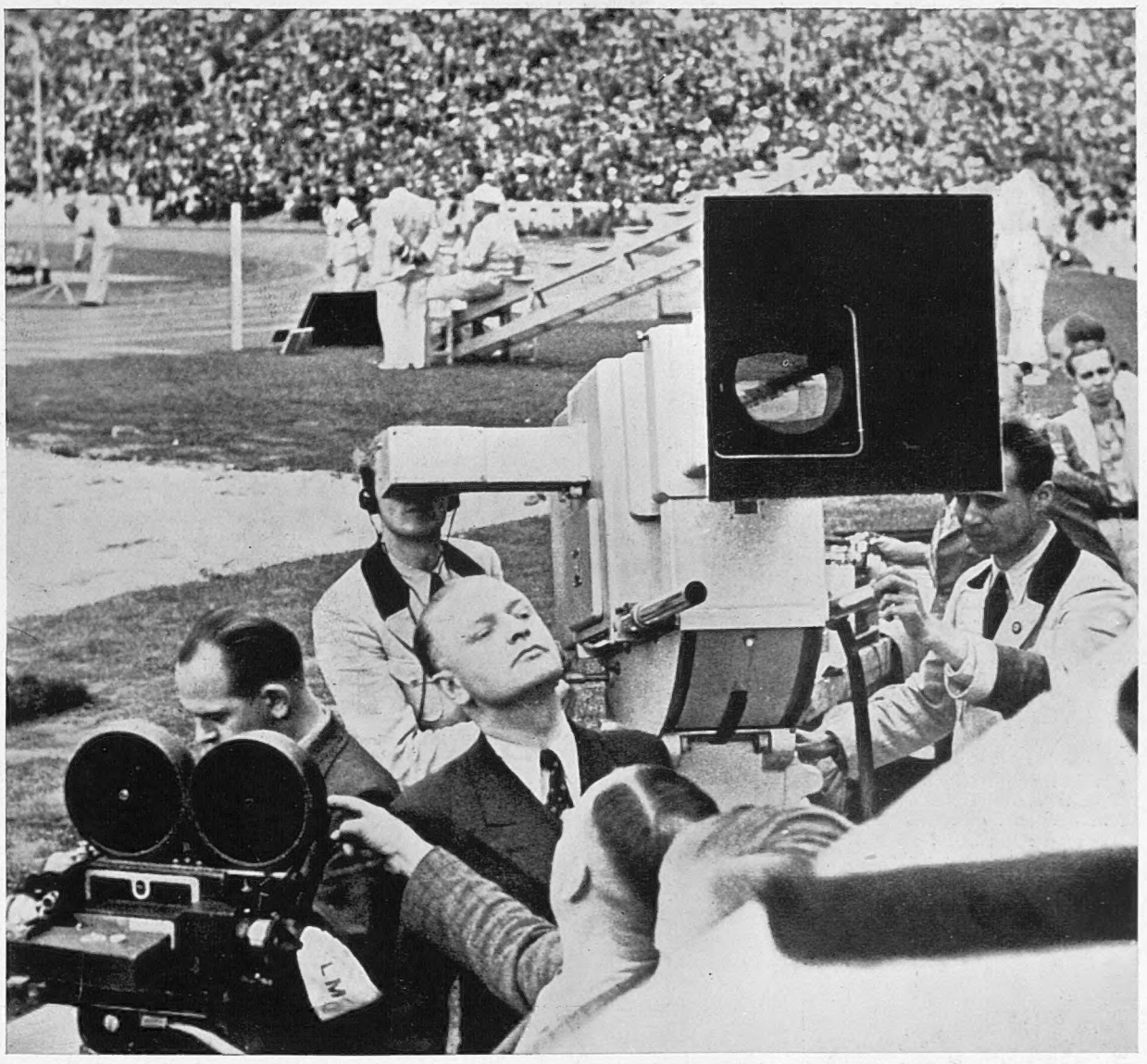
A FORCE IN SPANISH POLITICS: Señor Largo Caballero, one of the most prominent personalities on the Government side, pictured in the Guadarrama mountains, scene of the fiercest fighting in the civil war, where he is at the head of a regiment of militia. At the beginning of this week the position at this point was one of stalemate

Happenings at Home and Abroad



THE PRESIDENT PICNICS: Mr. Roosevelt, who recently visited Canada and met Lord Tweedsmuir, the Governor-General, was later the guest of Mr. Allison Dysart (left), Premier of New Brunswick, with whom he is seen in this picture. Also in the group are Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. J. B. McNair, who is Attorney-General of New Brunswick

On left—GREECE IN THE NEWS AGAIN: Troops patrolling the streets of Athens following last week's declaration of martial law a measure taken by the King and General Metaxas, the Premier, as there was fear of a Communist rising

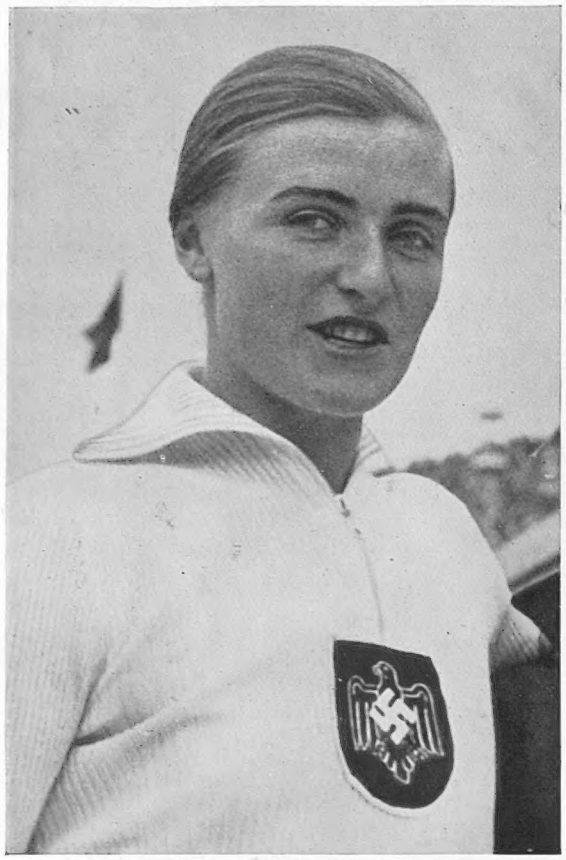


TELEVISION AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: Apparatus being focussed on Herr Hitler's box in order to record the Chancellor's arrival at the stadium for transmission to the twenty television theatres which have been established in various parts of Berlin, and where audiences have been able to witness some of the more important happenings at the Games at the same moment as they were taking place. This is by no means the first time that sporting events have been televised but it has never before been done on such an elaborate scale. The quality of the transmissions was quite good but there is, of course, still immense room for improvement, particularly as regards definition

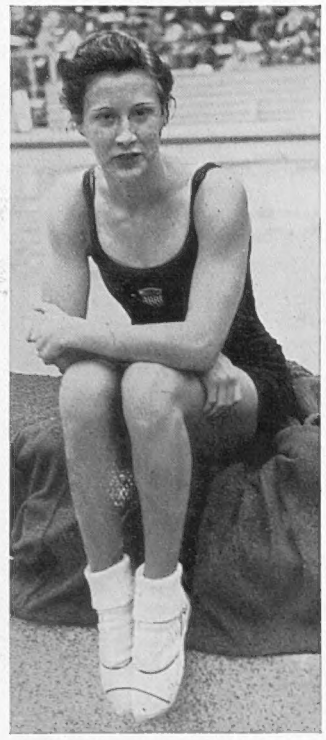
CORUNNA WELCOMES THE INSURGENTS: There has been a certain amount of fighting in this part of North-west Spain but when the rebels entered the town they were cheered by a large section of the inhabitants whose shouts indicated that they regarded the anti-Government forces as the saviours of their country from the hand of Communism. During the past week conditions in the Peninsula have shown little change but it was stated on Tuesday that General Franco was almost ready for his big advance on Madrid, having drafted 5,000 more men from Morocco to the mainland. He is said to be well supplied with money, ammunition, and stores for carrying on the struggle, but, unless absolutely necessary, is loth to bombard the capital as it would entail such enormous loss of life and such destruction

WOMEN at the OLYMPIC GAMES

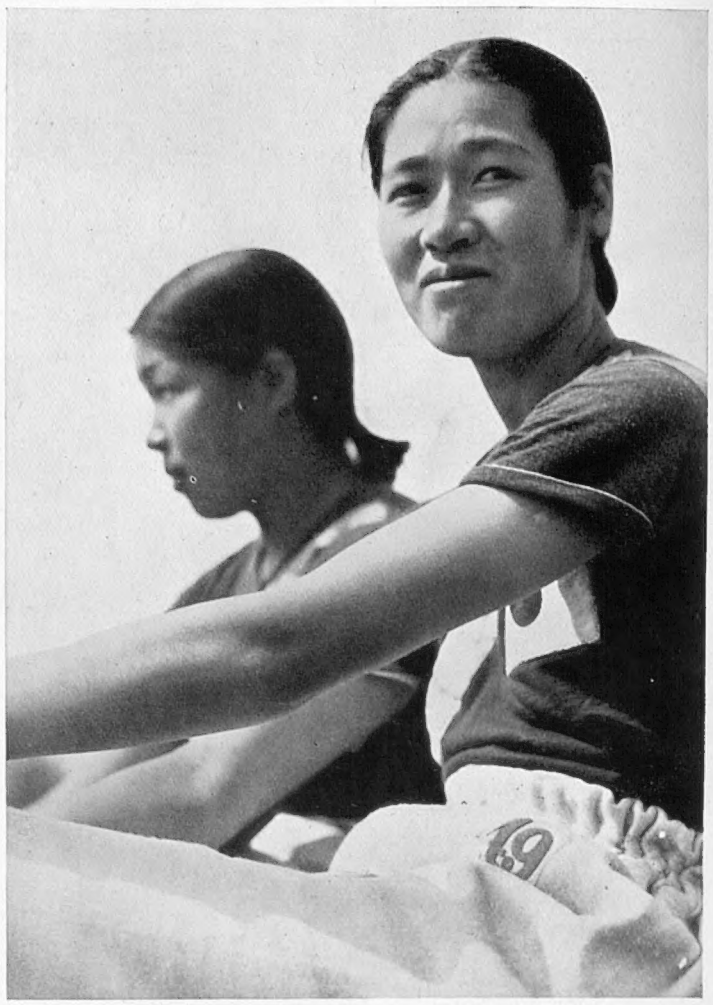
Notable Athletes of Many Nations Forgather in Berlin



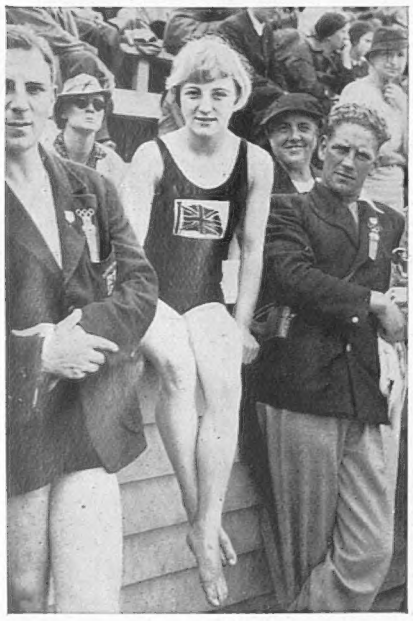
A NAZI TRIUMPH: Fräulein Mauermeyer, a statuesque and graceful German girl, who won the discus throwing and in so doing created an Olympic record of 156 ft. 3½ in. which, however, was short of her own world record. This compares favourably with the 165 ft., that was the highest figure in the corresponding event for men



REPRESENTING THE U.S.: Miss Lapp, a good-looking member of the powerful American women's swimming team



RUNNERS FROM NIPPON: Miss Etsuka Komiya and Miss J. Nishida, two Japanese girls with big reputations in their own country. The former failed to qualify in the first round of the 100 metres dash, but was decidedly unlucky in coming up against the redoubtable Miss Stephens of the U.S., who in this heat created a world record of 11·4 seconds, and afterwards went on to win the final with consummate ease



A BRITISH HOPE: Miss Betty Slade, who was chosen to represent us in the diving which took place this week

LEISURE MOMENTS: Signorina C. Testoni (left), the Italian runner, is quite an expert on the mouth organ. Last week she took part in the 80 metres hurdles, being fourth in a closely contested final

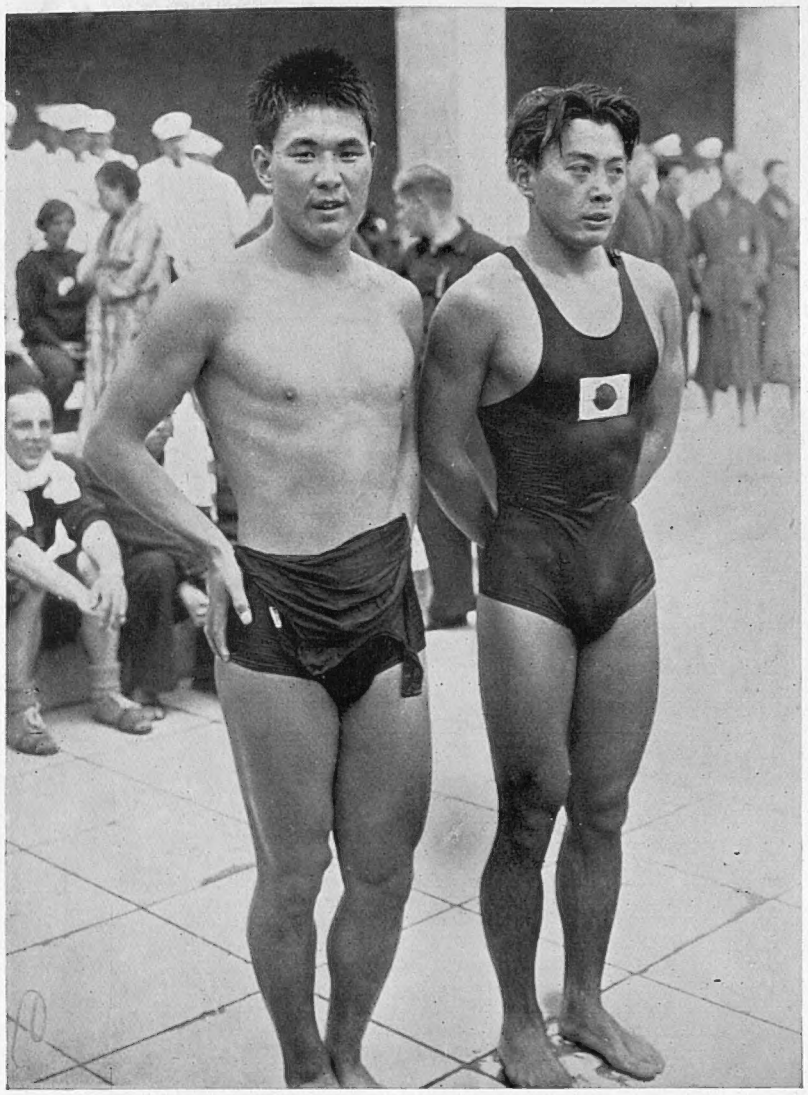
MISS CHANG: A member of the Chinese contingent staying in the Olympic camp. She represents her country as a swimmer

FAST CLOCKING: Fräulein Arendt (left), the German swimmer, who finished third in the 100 metres free style, creating a native record of 60·66 seconds, and Miss Mastenbroeck, of Holland, who won the event in 60·59 seconds, thus setting up a new Olympic record

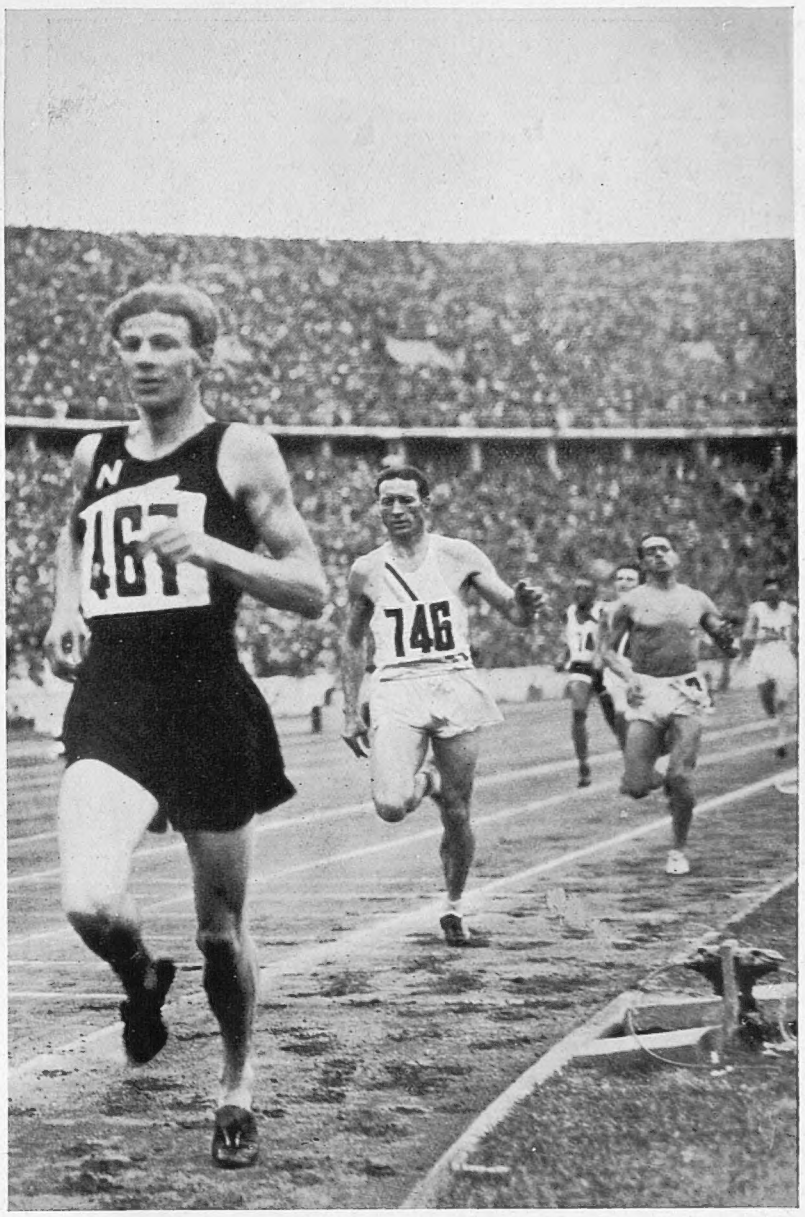
STATELY ENTRY: Finnish athletes assembled in the vast stadium, which throughout the Games has had a capacity audience of one hundred thousand people, before giving a display of physical jerks as a prelude to the day's contests. Spectators can be seen with their hands raised in the Nazi salute, the welcome that is given both to home and visiting teams

LOVELOCK'S BRILLIANT WIN

And Other Happenings at the 1936 Olympic Games



JAPAN'S SWIMMING CHAMPIONS: M. Yusa and S. Arai who were second and third respectively in the final of the 100 metres free style, being unexpectedly beaten by F. Csik of Hungary who thus broke at the start the chain of successes in the aquatic events that had been foreshadowed for Japan. Last Monday, however, Nippon had some outstanding victories in the first round of the 400 metres, Negami, Makino, and Uto all winning their heats in extraordinarily fast times

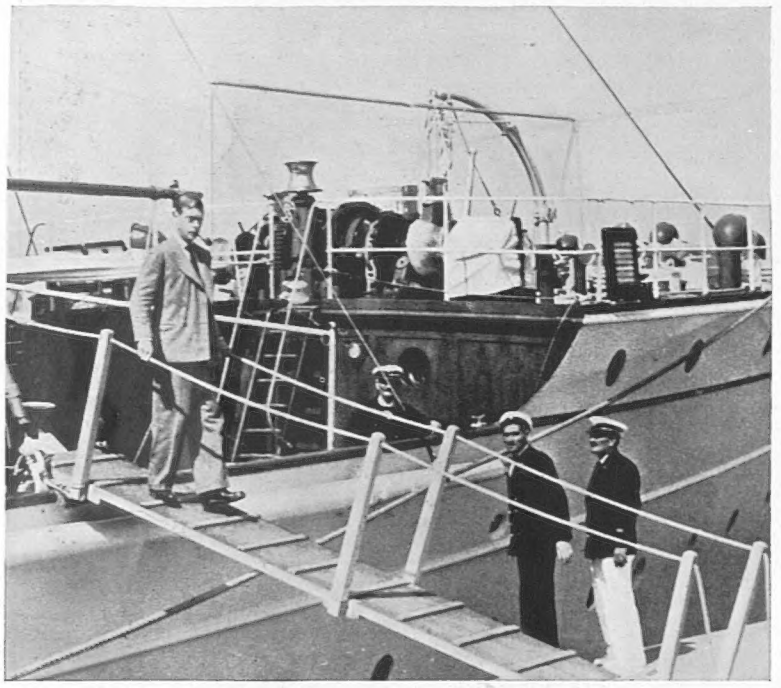


HIS CROWNING TRIUMPH: Jack Lovelock, the famous New Zealander (467) pictured as he made his electrifying burst up the finishing straight when winning the 1,500 metres (1,640 yards) and setting up a new world record of 3 min. 47·8 sec. —a performance that not only thrilled the 100,000 spectators packing the stadium but millions of wireless listeners. Lovelock, whose powers were thought to be on the wane, revealed amazing stamina and superb judgment in running

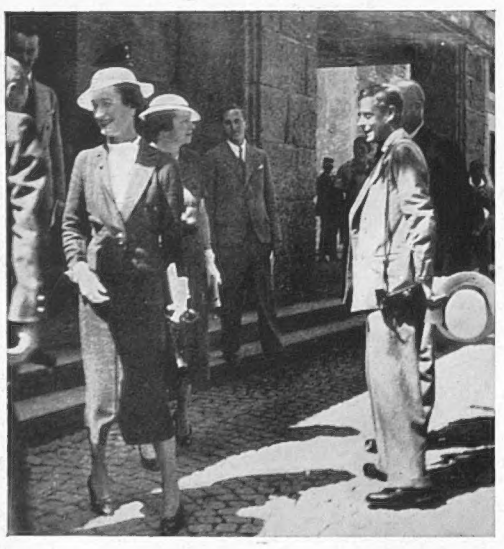
ON THE RANGES AT WANSEE: W. Rogeberg, the Norwegian marksman, who scored 300—the highest possible aggregate—in the small bore rifle contest held last Sunday. He was four points ahead of his nearest rivals, Dr. R. Berzenyi (Hungary) and W. Karas (Poland) who tied for second place with 296 points

THE PRUSSIAN PREMIER RECEIVES: Colonel-General Göring, one of the hosts at the luncheon given in the Chancellory, Berlin, in honour of visiting notabilities, in conversation with Prince Gustaf Adolf, grandson of King Gustaf and heir presumptive to the Swedish throne. The King of Bulgaria was also present

THE ROYAL VACATION: The King, who earlier in the day had crossed over to France by 'plane and landed at St. Inglevert, pictured last Saturday at Calais station where he boarded the Orient Express en route for Sibenik, Yugoslavia, to join the yacht *Nahlin* in which he is now cruising along the Dalmatian coast. He travelled strictly incognito, using the title of Duke of Lancaster



ON THE GANGWAY OF "NAHLIN": The King going ashore after making a preliminary inspection of the yacht following his arrival at Sibenik, Yugoslavia. He set sail on Monday morning and since then has been cruising among the islands off the Dalmatian coast, avoiding all the more important holiday resorts and ports of call. An official itinerary was prepared by Yugoslavian officials, but His Majesty rejected this, preferring to make his own plans



Left—LOOKING OVER HIS FLOATING HOME: King Edward on the deck of *Nahlin* before leaving Sibenik. *Right*—SIGHTSEEING IN SALZBURG: His Majesty with some of his friends at the historic St. Peter Cloister which he visited during a short stay in the city when breaking his trans-European journey

KING EDWARD STARTS HIS HOLIDAY

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A British Resident in Majorca Describes Her Experiences as a Refugee

HOW does it feel to be a refugee? Well, here are my personal experiences and adventures, so you can judge for yourself.

For four years Palma, Majorca, has been my home, a beautiful country, island of calm—until now—and living within that perfect peace, little did we dream of the day so near that we should have to flee like the poor Belgians during the great war. For one week before we fled so precipitately, we had received twice daily visits from the airplanes from Barcelona, who regularly at noon and tea-time terrorised our lovely little town by dropping bombs. Even so, we hardly realised the real danger and calmly watched the bomb explosions from our terrace.

Then, more suddenly than a bomb from the sky, came the order from the British Consul—twenty-four hours to pack only necessities and take to the British warship *Repulse* which was standing by in the harbour. How often have I heard that when people have to flee they take the most curious things with them! Faced with the problem of whether we were leaving our home for ever or merely for a short time I packed and repacked, first wrapping one thing, only to replace it by something a little more precious, having to keep in mind that we were only permitted a suitcase and a parcel, and feeling stunned by the blow of perhaps leaving for ever all that we possessed in the world, as well as being deprived of the means of existence. All I salvaged was the cutlery and a dining-room clock—also strange articles to save you may think—but we all have sentiments about our personal belongings.

It was a grand feeling to see our fine naval men waiting with a launch, so helpful, so sympathetic, and polite to young and old, giving a helping hand to everyone—and believe me, taking on 500 passengers on a battleship which is quite unsuited for the usual accommodation of passengers, especially ladies and little children, is no light responsibility—yet not a soul but marvelled at the efficiently calm manner in which everything was done for our comfort. Officers, told off as guides, led us gently, carrying our hand baggage to the space allotted us on the decks, answering questions with patience and kindness. And what of the sailors whom we must have turned out of their bunks and mess-rooms, in order that we might roll ourselves in blankets and sleep; not forgetting the officers who gave up their cabins willingly to the delicate and infirm and, having toiled like slaves and gone without sleep all night to see to our comfort, still had a smile and a word for everyone, not only British refugees, but a mixture of seventeen nationalities?

None of us can ever feel too grateful for all they did for us, and a lady from Colombia told me her little boy said he would never forget the kind British sailors all his life.

During the night, when it began to get rough, some mothers, too seasick or worn out with the anxiety of packing, will remember how Jack Tar sat up all night nursing the baby while she slept. Other sailors made a round of the decks, tucking in the ladies or showing them how to arrange their blankets to be more cosy for the night, or fixing a camp-bed, etc. I saw one officer with a baby's milk bottle which he had just warmed, ready to give baby his dinner.

On account of the heavy spray that came inboard during the night, some got a wetting, others like myself on the upper deck having to change our position several times and, in the early hours of the morning, there were a great many cases of seasickness, causing the sailors double work, but again the sympathy of the crew was marvellous. One marine brought me hot soup and biscuits in a little corner I had crawled into and tucked me up like a mother, whilst other sailors carried around great billy-cans of hot soup, seeing that no one in that huge crowd was missed out.

Later, when most of us came up on deck, we saw quite a thrilling incident. There was still quite a heavy sea running, with an occasional wash inboard, the passengers having been warned to keep clear of that part of the deck. A little girl straying into the forbidden zone, was immediately caught up in a tremendous surge of water, and but for the promptitude of a few sailors standing nearby, would have been washed overboard. They taking the situation in at one glance, rushed to the rescue, catching the child neatly in their arms just as she neared the rail. Fortunately, the child, not realising the danger, only laughed at the drenching she had received.

We arrived at Marseilles about 1.30 p.m. when the various Consuls came aboard and the tiresome preliminaries of landing had to be gone through. We stood in queues until nearly seven, when a second tender filled with the last of us finally drew away from H.M.S. *Repulse* amidst great cheers from the crew and hurrahs from us, accompanied by a deep gratefulness in our hearts for such kindness shown us, and a tremendous pride in our British Government and Navy who so promptly answered the call for help from its isolated subjects in a foreign land.

Our baggage was all placed ashore in neat rows at Marseilles, also done by the sailors, many of whom were told off to help us on the quay until the last minute before they sailed again for Valencia, to pick up another 600 souls in distress, the crew having to repeat all this work and anxiety without a rest.

When the safety and security of the battleship were left behind, the worst part of the journey home commenced. Those who had the means disappeared and found accommodation in the town, while the less fortunate of us who had had to leave without a cent sat on the quay in darkness until the already overworked and overwrought Consul decided what to do with us.

We were given the choice of continuing our journey right away to London, or of remaining in a hotel that night and going on next morning. About a dozen chose to continue on and we were transferred to the Consulate by taxis to receive our tickets and passes, etc.

Arriving there, ensued another long tedious wait in a bare room. Some feeling very tired and hungry begged for something to eat, but being very late at night, only some dry pastry and some bottles of black coffee were obtained from a neighbouring café and placed on the office desk. We did not hesitate to devour the simple repast until the last crumb.

At last our tickets were in order and we were given fifty francs each to reach London and provide maintenance for the journey. What a dash we had to the station to catch the 12.30 a.m. train for Paris, then on the point of leaving.

At our first stop, Avignon, some of us rushed out to the buffet and bought sandwiches and a bottle of Vichy water to sustain us on the journey, which was to last until 2.30 p.m. the following afternoon. We were indeed afraid to buy but very little food, it being expensive and our precious fifty francs had to pay for porters, taxis, and transferring our baggage from one station to another en route.

Eventually we arrived in Paris, having only half-an-hour to jump into a taxi and drive across Paris to the other station for Boulogne.

Followed another 3½ hours in a hard, wooden-backed, rackety old carriage in which, being so exhausted, I lay on the seat, and, in spite of the danger of cracking my head on the hard seat, slept another short hour.

How glad we were to see the *Maid of Kent* standing in the harbour to take us on the last lap of what had been such a nightmarish journey! and to find that it was a British boat, too.

We reached Victoria Station from Folkestone, at 11.30 p.m. that night, where again we had reason to be thankful we were British, for again we were met by gentle sympathetic agents of the Consulate, who asked us what more they could do for us, where we would like to go, and if we had sufficient means. A private bus was awaiting those who still needed help, all our baggage was placed on it, and in a few moments we were in the Consul's office, our fares handed to us to take us to the friends who could shelter us for the night, or, if we chose, a hotel and further help later.

E. Puddefoot

A CIRCULAR FORTRESS-TEMPLE OF 6,000 YEARS AGO

A Big Discovery at Tepe Gawra, Northern Iraq

AN IMPORTANT FIND: A large pottery storage jar, needing three men to carry it, unearthed within the fortress-temple at Tepe Gawra. Since the study of the prehistoric civilisations which specialised in painted pottery is recognised as quite one of the most important tasks of archæologists in the Near East, the discovery of considerable quantities of such ware in Iraq is likely to prove of the utmost value

DATING FROM BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY: A section of the Round House, believed to have served as a combination fortress and temple, brought to light at Tepe Gawra, northern Iraq, by members of the joint expedition organised by Pennsylvania University Museum and the American School of Oriental Research, Baghdad. The building was found in "level 12," which indicates that it belongs to the fourth millennium B.C.—6,000 years ago

THE ROUND HOUSE: A general view of the foundations, which reveal that the building was an almost perfect circle, over 60 ft. in diameter, the massive outer wall being constructed of sun-dried brick and having only one narrow entrance. Within there are seventeen rooms, twelve round the sides and the others arranged in the centre

ART OF THE POTTER: A painted bowl unearthed in the fortress, its spout decorated to represent cascades and pebbles in a river bed. *On left*—This deposit, also discovered on the site, contains a host of shaped stones which were in all probability used by the defenders for discharging from slings when their enemies came within range. Such a find is not unique, but provides one of several clues as to the original purpose of the Round House

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JACK TAR IN THE

SAWING UP THE MEAT RATION: "Tanky" (this is the nick name given to the coxswain's special handyman) dividing the joints for the various messes on the destroyer *Whitshed*. In larger ships marines, who have undergone a thorough course of training in this work, are employed as full-time butchers

"TANKY" WEIGHING THE DAY'S SUPPLIES OF MEAT, BREAD, AND POTATOES, a task carried out in the presence of an officer and of the coxswain (seen on left), a chief petty officer, who is responsible for the victualling of the entire ship and whose work roughly corresponds to that of the chief steward on a liner

ALTHOUGH the British sailor is known as "Jack-of-all-Trades" it is not often realised that, in addition to all his other accomplishments, he has to be his own cook too.

In the smaller types of ships, which comprise so large a section of His Majesty's Navy, only two official cooks are allowed for about 120 sailors. Most of the cooks' available time is therefore taken up, not with mixing and preparing, but merely with seeing the food through the ovens.

The sailors in these small men-o'-war are usually divided into about nine different messes, e.g. petty officers, stoker petty officers, artificers, and about half-a-dozen messes of seamen and stokers.

In order to take care of the food question—which is naturally every bit as important to our sailors on the sea as it is to the working man at home—each of these messes appoints a different member for each day of the week to "put the dinner up." And at 6.30 a.m. each morning the selected member is allowed to forsake the dull and chilly business of deck-scrubbing and tackle the more interesting task of the day's cooking.

Whence our sailors glean their culinary knowledge is a matter of mystery, for it is doubtful whether the average young British workman could do more than brew his ubiquitous mug of tea. He relies on his "old woman" (or his mother) to put up his midday dinner and to produce something savoury for tea at the end of his working day. But the British sailor has to fend for himself, for he has no womenfolk at hand to look after his bodily comforts.

Picture then our jolly Jack Tars, with sleeves rolled up and earnest faces, preparing meat-pie and jam-roly for their messmates' 12 o'clock dinner!

They have no kitchen to work in or other amenities such as sink, running water, and nice big table to help them in their task. The cook for the day does his job in a corner of his own mess, working at a small table below a cupboard containing the various cooking ingredients—often surrounded by much inevitable impedimenta.

His mixing finished, he carefully carries the prepared dishes, marked with a ticket giving the number of his mess and the necessary instructions, up ladders, along congested decks to the ship's galley, where he hands his efforts over to one of the official cooks.

This must be done whatever the weather, and sometimes it is neither a pleasant nor an easy task to balance dishes while negotiating heaving and slippery decks, especially when the cook himself may not be in a state to contemplate food with his normal relish.

The rations of each of the different messes are prepared according to a similar routine, so that the ship's cook has the task of seeing that some eighteen different dishes, comprising meat course and pudding for 120 men, are thoroughly cooked and ready by twelve o'clock midday.

Since the galley in the average ship of this size is no bigger than the kitchenette of a small flat, the cook's is no easy job. Official regulations require that the galley range shall be big enough for bread-making (although more often the bread ration for these small ships is supplied daily from a parent ship), so that it is about the size of the average household

On right—THE BAKERY: H.M.S. *Nelson*, where there are facilities for turning out as much as 2,000 lb. of bread a day. On destroyers no baking is done, fresh bread being drawn on leaving port; further supplies, if wanted, being obtained from bigger ships

PREPARING THE DISHES: Cooks of the mess, able seamen who take scrubbing and other chores, tackle the more interesting task of co wards taken to the galley, where the official ship's cook sees The rations for the first course are meat and potatoes only, and a men's daily messing allowance. Routine such as this applies only t

KITCHEN : By JEAN GORDON

Victualling in the Smaller Ships of the Navy, Where Every Man Takes it in Turn to Prepare Food for His Messmates

sofa, and takes up most of the room in the galley. Little or no space remains for mixing or other necessary cooking operations.

The art of the ship's cook therefore really lies in careful organisation, so that all the food (some of which may have finished cooking as early as 10 a.m.) is well and properly cooked and still appetising by the time it is required.

This applies chiefly to midday dinner, the main meat meal of the day, where often the only common characteristic of the many meat dishes is that they are prepared with the same animal as a basis! The meat is jointed by the ship's butcher, so that all messes have the same kind of meat on a given day, although it may be prepared according to the fancy of each mess.

COOK FOR A DAY: An A.B. returning to his mess with rations that have been issued to him and which it is his duty to prepare for his messmates and then hand over to the galley for cooking

WHEN THE SHIP GOES WOP WITH A WIGGLE BETWEEN: This picture makes it easy to appreciate the difficulty of negotiating the deck in rough weather even when hands are free. Carrying dishes demands the skill of a Blondin

READY FOR THE NOON MEAL: The ship's cook, who is in sole charge of the oven, handing a cook of the mess the pie which earlier in the morning the latter had made with the rations issued to him

Thus it may easily happen that on a day when beef is the ration the cook may have to see through the ovens as many different varieties of beef dishes as, for instance, roast beef, boiled beef, stewed steak, steak pudding, steak pie, minced beef, cottage pie, to say nothing of nine different variations of potato!

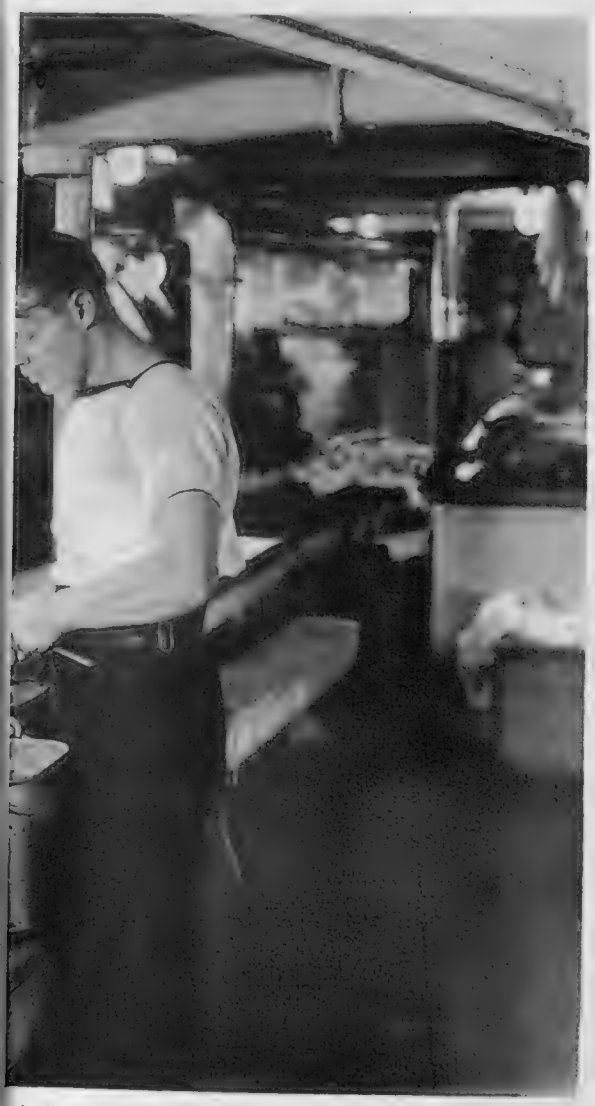
This would be a simple enough task in even a small hotel or restaurant kitchen, but in the galley of a small ship it is no easy proposition.

The official ration per man for the second course consists of the bare pudding ingredients—flour, milk, sugar, etc., and sometimes jam. (No eggs or fruit are supplied. These have to come out of the sailors' victualling allowance when required.) But it does not need much imagination to visualise the many and varied kinds of pudding which, even with these limited ingredients, can be carried along to the cook from the different messes.

The ship's cook does actually cook breakfast for any who have it. But the men's daily victualling allowance does not as a rule run to this. Only a few have bacon and/or eggs for breakfast, for there is no official ration of these delicacies. The majority are content with bread and butter, jam, and tea in their own messes. They depute one of themselves to lay the table in the mess, take the teapot down to the galley, etc., and see that the tea is brewed according to the general liking.

Much the same routine applies at tea-time. Officially "tea-time" is at 4 p.m., but actually tea is made in the individual messes at all sorts of odd hours during the day, beginning as early as 10.30 a.m. One hears a lot of talk about the Navy's rum ration, but in fact a sailor's daily consumption of tea must be just as large as that of the British workman, who can be seen brewing and drinking his mug of tea at the most unlikely moments.

The ship's cook has his hands full again at supper-time. The sailors get an official supper ration only twice a week, but the victualling allowance to each mess helps to supplement this. Hot supper from 6.15 onwards (equivalent to the tea of the working man at home) is probably the pleasantest period of the day for our sailors.



in turns to forsake the dull and often chilly business of deck cooting the midday meal for their messmates, which is after through the oven before handing it back at the dinner hour. extras, such as green vegetables, are purchased with the the smaller vessels, like destroyers, sloops, and depot ships

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING": Judging by the smiles the cook of the mess has done his work satisfactorily

SERPENT OF STEEL: A picture taken during the laying of the pipe-line, which runs from the oilfields of northern Iraq across the desolate Syrian desert, finally emerging at the Mediterranean ports of Haifa and Tripoli. Up to now the Arabs have done little damage, but it is possible that their attacks may become bolder during the next few months

Arab Raiders Puncture the Iraq Pipe-Line

Disturbing Attempts that Evidence the Fellow Feeling of the Bedouin with His Palestinian Brethren

By Kenneth Williams

H 3: One of the twelve pumping stations on the pipe-line, which are also fully equipped as defence posts with a well-devised scheme of resistance against possible attack

FROM an almost inexhaustible reservoir in northern Iraq, in a region where Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast into the "burning fiery furnace," a subterranean serpent of steel runs across the Syrian Desert to emerge at the twin Mediterranean ports of Haifa, in Palestine, and Tripoli, in Syria. Through this snake's belly there is flowing, at the rate of about 4,000,000 tons a year, that commodity for which the modern world never ceases to ask, namely, oil.

Now this Iraq oil is vital to France, in whose refineries much of the crude oil is being transformed into other products. It is essential also to Great Britain. When, therefore, we read that, owing to the present troubles in Palestine, this pipe-line has been attacked, we are enabled, if by no other means, to realise that the Arab-Zionist dispute is of much more than local interest.

So far the attacks on the pipe-line have been by bullet only, and comparatively harmless. We may imagine that the head office of the Iraq Petroleum Company, the international organisation whose pipe-line this is, receives with some equanimity telegrams to the effect that the pipe-line was pierced at such and such a point at such and such a time, and was duly repaired by such and such an hour. The welding of a punctured pipe is not difficult, and little loss of oil is caused by a rifle bullet. As soon as the damage is discovered, the flow of oil is withheld by the pumping station immediately to the east of the incident, and at the most a hundred or two tons of oil may be irretrievably lost.

In any case, the welding of damaged pipes is nothing to the original laying of those pipes. There is no more efficient body of oilmen in the world than those stationed along the desert course of the Iraq Petroleum Company pipe-line. As fast as aeroplane or lorry can take them, they are on the spot.

Most of the attacks so far have been over an area roughly fifty miles to the west and to the east of the Jordan Valley; that is, in both eastern and in western Trans-Jordan. The steep descent from the high ground of the Syrian Desert into the Jordan Valley is the most remarkable part of the pipe-line. It was indeed a very clever feat of engineering to carry the pipe down from a height of 2,600 ft. above sea level to the Jordan Valley, which in the spot traversed by the pipe-line is 850 ft. below sea level.

We know what happens to oil when it escapes from the pipe—or, rather, we don't know. But at least we have had experience of it. Less than two years ago, just before the Iraq pipe-line was formally inaugurated, a mishap occurred which caused between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of oil to spill into the Bay of Acre. Yet traces of this minor disaster were soon obscured.

The Iraq Petroleum Company's system for security of this pipe-line is excellent. At the various pumping stations along the route from Kirkuk, in Iraq—there are twelve altogether, K 1, K 2, and K 3 (named after Kirkuk, the source), H 1, H 2, H 3, H 4 and H 5 (named after Haifa, one terminal), and T 1, T 2, T 3, and T 4 (named after Tripoli, the other terminal)—there is a well-devised scheme of resistance to possible attack, with regular forts, guards, and W/T communication. These forts are from about 50 to 150 miles apart from each other. Nothing, humanly speaking, has been left to chance.

These pumping stations are little less than beacons in the desert. In one of them I spent a memorable New Year's Eve. Here, hundreds of miles from civilisation, was every amenity which Europeans could devise. Good baths, good food, good tobacco, good company. Nor is the loneliness what might be imagined. The aeroplanes of the Iraq Petroleum Company bring passengers, mails, news, and their journeying up and down the line is ceaseless. They have gardens, too, about these desert stations.

To many people other than those in the service of the Iraq Petroleum Company, however, these pumping stations have proved veritable havens. You may not now see much of the trench in which the pipe-line is buried three or four feet deep, but you cannot miss the telegraph wires and posts which, glittering in the strong sunlight, run alongside it. At night, moreover, the stations are lit up by electricity. He would have to be an erratic driver indeed to lose his way nowadays across the Syrian Desert.

Yet no system of security could provide against the growth of such a feeling as now agitates Palestinians and Trans-Jordanians. The Arabs of these two mandated territories are apt to declare that the British Government is their enemy, and have lately been inflamed with the tales of "atrocities" which, being exaggerated and coloured with a religious tinge, easily inflame the nomadic or semi-nomadic peoples of those parts. I happen to know that the Bedouin of Trans-Jordan, among whom I have passed many happy days, have in the past few weeks been passionately talking of the "wrongs" done to their brethren in Palestine, asserting that that Government is helping "Jews to murder Moslems," and so on. Yet these Bedouin are not politically minded in the least. They still think of themselves rather as members of a particular tribe than as members of a great Arab race; and hitherto they have despised the settled Arabs, the *fellaheen*. Such fierce talk among the Bedouin has never been heard before in this connection, though this is by no means the first time that the Palestinian Arabs have struck against the policy imposed upon them.

But—what could these Trans-Jordanian Arabs do? In Trans-Jordan itself there is very little human objective. They admire too much and know too well the British civilians in their midst to attack them. Outside the Royal Air Force at Amman and the Trans-Jordan Frontier Force at Zerka, to the north of Amman, there is practically nothing on which they can vent their wrath. There remains only the pipe-line, and the vexatious pin-pricks on this are designed rather to work up Arab irritation to fever pitch than to effect any damage to the Mandatory Power.

To many observers who know the region well it has seemed incredible that Trans-Jordan should not have risen in sympathy with Palestine. Yet the seemingly inevitable thing has not happened. Why? Mainly because the Trans-Jordan leaders believe that it would do no good.

But the tenuous pipe-line carrying the precious liquid to the tankers which stand off the shore in the Bay of Acre and to the north of Tripoli town can always be attacked. The benefits that such attacks bring to the Arabs' cause are another matter. It is not to be doubted that the whole of Arabia sympathises with the Palestinian Arabs, but the Iraqi Arabs, at any rate, do not forget that every ton of oil that leaves their land carries with it a royalty for them of 4s.

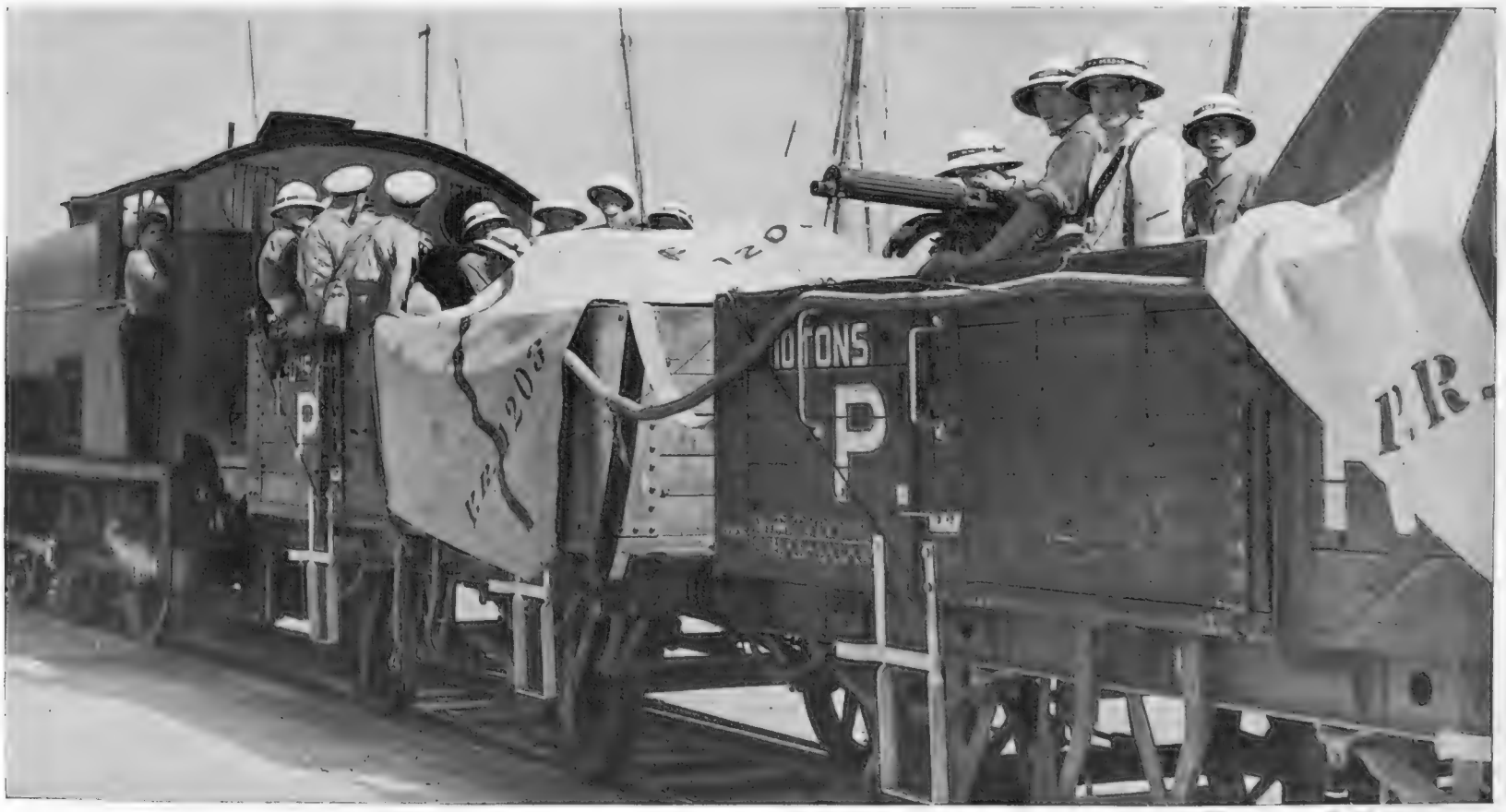
BRITISH SAILORS IN PALESTINE

Turkish Troops Arrive to Remilitarise the Dardanelles

WHERE OTHERS FEAR TO TREAD: This American tourist party is said to be the only one that has visited Jerusalem since the beginning of the Arab trouble three months ago, and when the travellers arrived conditions were such that they had to do all their sightseeing on foot. Palestine usually has nearly 100,000 visitors every year

RED-LETTER DAY: Girls, carried away by emotion, running forward to kiss a regimental flag as the first detachment of Turkish troops entered the Dardanelles zone, which Turkey is now remilitarising following the Convention at Montreux. The occupation was made the occasion for a national holiday

JACK ASHORE: A pom-pom lorry, manned by men of H.M.S. *Sussex*, drawn up for inspection by Rear-Admiral D'Oyly Lyon, commanding the 3rd Cruiser Squadron, at Haifa where sailors and marines have been preparing to go inland to assist the army and air force in dealing with the Arab disturbances. Events in Spain, where our Navy has also been hard at work rescuing British subjects, have temporarily drawn public attention away from Palestine, but conditions there remain serious



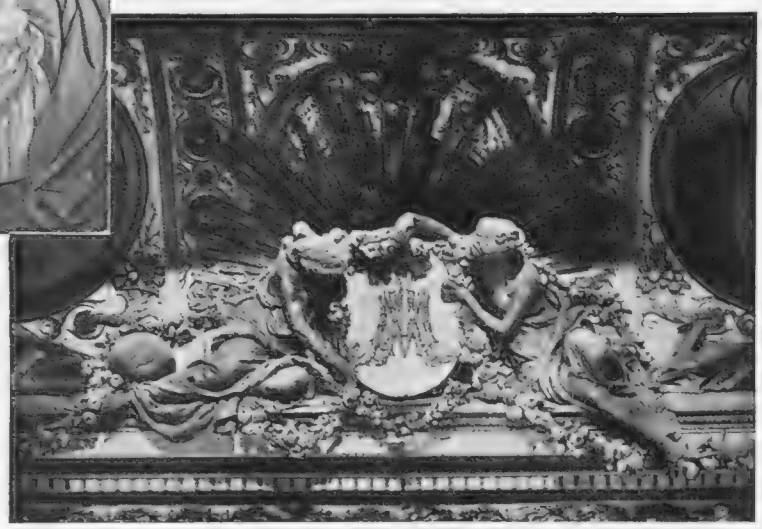
THE NAVY ON WHEELS: A machine-gun section on an armoured train ready to leave the port of Haifa, Palestine, to assist in maintaining order inland. The train was entirely manned by men from H.M. ships, an artificer engineer acting as engine-driver, a naval stoker as fireman, and other seamen as gun crews

Marie Antoinette's Theatre Re-opened at Versailles

A Rockefeller Gift Restores to Its Pristine Splendour the Playhouse Where the Tragic Queen Indulged Her Passion for Amateur Theatricals

Portrait after Rossline Le Suedois

THE QUEEN WHO LOVED THE STAGE: Marie Antoinette, who in 1777 ordered the erection of the private theatre at Versailles and in 1780 appeared in the first performance there before an audience so select that it included only the King and princes and princesses of the blood royal. It will never be known whether or no she was a good actress, for contemporary accounts are not to be trusted, being either fulsome flattery or mere lampoons. Her natural grace and gaiety of spirits must, however, have given a certain measure of quality and sparkle to her performances



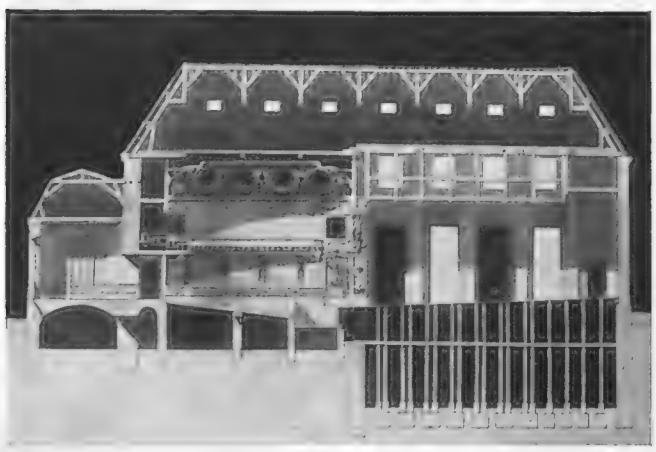
TWO RECLINING MUSES holding a plaque bearing the monogram of Marie Antoinette are the central motif in the decoration of the proscenium in the theatre

ON June 30 an important assembly was held at Versailles, headed by the Ministre de l'Education Nationale, to render homage to Mr. John D. Rockefeller junior for the great funds he had so generously granted for renovation work to be carried out at the Palais de Versailles, the Grand and Petit Trianons, and the Hameau and Théâtre de Marie-Antoinette. The French Government expressed their deepest gratitude to Mr. Rockefeller for his munificent donation, which had permitted many very necessary improvements to be carried out at the Palace and in many buildings situated in the great park. During the past twelve years or so this work has been supervised by M. Patrice Bonnet, architect-in-chief at the Palais de Versailles.

The most interesting of these recent renovations is that of the theatre of Marie Antoinette. This is quite unknown to the general public, for nobody had set foot inside the theatre, since the days when it fell into ruin over a hundred years ago, until last June when, in honour of Mr. Rockefeller, a short play was acted in the theatre to commemorate its complete restoration. It was about eight years ago that it was decided to renovate the theatre, although it then seemed rather a hopeless task to fulfil. The foundations were crumbling away under pools of water, and the décor of the auditorium was in a very sorry state. Except for the walls the interior of the whole theatre was an extremely flimsy construction of wood and papier-maché. Now that the theatre has at length been restored to its original state, it will shortly be opened as a museum.

The theatre provided the pleasure-loving queen with much amusement. It was in April, 1775, that she first had a theatre provisionally built for her in the gallery of the Grand Trianon. This imposing site served excellently for the construction of a semi-circular hall supported on an easily erected framework. In the following year an epidemic of measles spread to the palace. Le Comte d'Artois and le Duc d'Angoulême, nephew of the queen, fell victims to the malady. Everyone fled in terror, and Marie Antoinette herself sought refuge at Marly after having removed le Duc d'Angoulême to the Petit Trianon. Both of these gentlemen, however, survived, and to celebrate their recovery the Queen ordered a fête to be held in their honour. For this purpose she had the orangery, situated to the north-west of the château, transformed into a playhouse. This was quickly constructed with the help of the framework used in the erection of the former theatre in the gallery of the Grand Trianon, which she found too far removed from the Palace, and which, anyway, was not her home but the private residence of the King. The construction simply consisted of planks, canvas, and cardboard, without any machinery, equipment, or rooms for the actors.

As such this hastily erected theatre little satisfied the Queen, who fast developed a passion for theatricals. So she called on Mique, the architect, to draw up plans for the construction of a real theatre to be equipped with the necessary stage machinery. She fixed on one of his schemes and work was begun on the theatre in June, 1778. This fanciful conception added to the predicament of the Directeur Général des Bâtiments, who was continually hard put to it to provide funds for the never-ceasing construction work that was being carried out at Versailles. This new edifice was built and decorated at the restricted cost of 141,200 livres. It has to-day been renovated at the expense of nearly 1,000,000 francs.



THE THEATRE IN CROSS-SECTION: A view of the playhouse, showing the vestibule, the tiny auditorium seating about 160 people in its stalls, boxes, and balconies, and the stage itself

The site chosen for the building of the theatre was just off the gardens of the Petit Trianon, midway between the Grand and Petit Trianons. Destined for private use, it was intentionally erected in a place of inconspicuous setting. No trouble was taken over the exterior aspect of the theatre, for it was hidden on the one side by a mound, and on the other by the bower of the French Garden. Only the main entrance, giving on to a small grove, provided the architect with a motive for decoration. When I went to visit the theatre the other day I could hardly conceive this unattractive building to be the playhouse of Marie Antoinette, until I faced the entrance doorway, which alone indicated it to be a building of some importance.

Two Ionic columns flank the porch and support a triangular pediment ornamented, by the sculptor Deschamps, with the spirit of Apollo in the form of a child crowned with laurels and holding a lyre. A small vestibule entrance, panelled with blue moire, gives access on the one side to a salon, on the other to the auditorium. The Queen and her suite entered by this principal doorway, while the other guests entered by small side doors.

The small auditorium seats approximately 160 persons, and is hardly as large as the stage itself. There are stalls, ground-floor boxes, and two balconies. An elaborate, gilded acanthus-leaf pattern borders the first balcony, which is supported by ornate volutes of lion-skins (the emblem of Louis XVI) all worked in papier-maché. The boxes in the second balcony, as seen from the stalls, take the form of twelve œils-de-bœuf, between which rococo-like putti hold garlands of flowers and fruit. A great frieze runs round the top of the auditorium, extravagantly ornamented with a row of interlaced crowns. All these sculptural motifs are in gilded papier-maché. The wood panelling underneath the stage boxes is richly ornamented with gilded arabesques. The stage splaying and side panels, the woodwork of the orchestra and stalls, balustrades and pedestals are all painted in imitation veined marble. The auditorium is hung with blue moire; walls, chairs, and balcony rails are in velvet of the same colour. All these stuffs have been faithfully copied from fragments of the original, which have now been carefully preserved in cases in the salon.

The coving over the proscenium is divided into three compartments. In the middle, against a golden ray background, two reclining Muses hold a plaque bearing the monogram of Marie Antoinette. Either side of this are two latticed œils-de-bœuf. The tapestry hanging over the stage has been laboriously composed in papier-maché of an imitation blue silk and golden tasselled curtain tucked up with golden cords. The magnificent blue silk and gold tinselled stage curtain (which was sold during the Revolution for the sum of 330 livres) has been replaced with an imitation canvas hanging.

No fewer than five models were made for the candelabra to be placed either side of the proscenium

On left—ROYAL ENTRANCE: In later days when Marie Antoinette permitted larger audiences at the theatre, this door was reserved exclusively for the use of the King and Queen and members of their family

A CORNER OF THE AUDITORIUM: A glimpse of one of the boxes and of the lower circle, decorated in a gilded acanthus-leaf pattern

(Continued on page 280)

THE KING'S ADRIATIC HOLIDAY

A FAMED DALMATIAN FJORD: A liner in the Bocche de Cattaro, a noted beauty-spot on the shores of the Adriatic—scene of King Edward's cruising holiday in Lady Yule's yacht *Nahlin*. This coast has a great variety of romantic features, and though it boasts no broad sandy beaches this is more than compensated for by the colouring and wild outline of the hills that descend steeply to the water, the deep blue of the skies, the even deeper blue sea that is buoyant and all but non-tidal, and the palms and cacti that in places impart an almost sub-tropical atmosphere. There is no coastal railway, communication being maintained by a steamer service

THE WOODED FORESHORE OF LACROMA: A delightful island on the Adriatic coast, near Dubrovnik. Richard Cœur de Lion landed there on his return from Palestine

HARVEST TIME IN THE CO

Pastoral Life that is in Vivid Contrast to Condition

SIFTING THE CORN AFTER THRESHING: A picturesque scene in one of the wheat-fields of Castile, which, owing to long-continued drought, have this year given a disappointing yield. The destruction of crops by the insurgent forces and the neglect of their fields by the farmers, so many of whom are away fighting, have further reduced the size of the harvest, and in some regions there is an alarming prospect of famine during the coming winter months

THE RHYTHMIC BEAT OF THE FLAILS: Farmworkers dealing with the garnered crop; a picture belonging to happier times than the present, when politics were not allowed to interfere with rural life. This is perhaps the most popular method of threshing employed in Spain, where hand labour has in only a few places been replaced by the machine

SIMPLE BUT INGENIOUS: Mules hauling the harvest sleigh, which circles round and round the village threshing-floor, crunching the grain from the stems. Attached to the rear is a hooked instrument that draws up the flattened wheat to make it ready for the next circuit, when the whole process is repeated. With an eye to his own comfort, the boy driving the team has attached an old cane-seated chair to the sleigh, tying the legs with rope

BRINGING HOME THE GRAIN: A farmer leading his donkey laden with a sack of the sifted wheat. *Below*—A field worker enjoys a cooling draught in the heat of the day

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Herring at North Shields—Kent Houses in Danger—The Semi-wild Ponies of Ross

COPING WITH THE CATCH ON THE N.E. COAST: Scottish fisher girls filling barrels with gutted herring at a North Shields quay. The herring trade, which has had such a bad time of recent years owing to failing markets, showed a revival in 1935 with a 20 per cent. rise in the value of landings, and the prospects this autumn are even better now Germany is increasing her custom

A CHANCE OF REPRIEVE: These charming old houses at Yalding, Kent, were recently condemned as unfit for human habitation, and it was suggested that they should be demolished—a suggestion that was criticised by many people in the neighbourhood. The Ministry of Health has held an inquiry into the matter, however, and there is a possibility that the places may be restored

A ROUND-UP IN THE FAR NORTH: Semi-wild ponies which were recently brought down from lonely Morrich More, near Tain, Ross-shire, a task of more than ordinary difficulty, as most of them had never had a halter over their heads. A considerable number were afterwards taken south for sale

MIXED CARGO: Fred MacMurray, who takes the part of a dance band leader, co-stars with Carole Lombard (a bogus princess) in Paramount's *The Princess Comes Across*, which recently had its London première at the Plaza. The setting of the film is an Atlantic liner with a passenger list including an ex-convict, a blackmailer, and, fortunately enough, no fewer than five detectives

ROMANCE IN A CORNFIELD: Paula Wessely, Austria's leading film star, and Attila Horbiger in *Harvest*, a picture from a Vienna studio which is entered in the international film contest to be held in Venice in the autumn

A COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION: Lilian Harvey, the London-born star, and Jean Worms in the French version of the German film, *Black Roses*. There is also an English version

PLAYS *and* FILMS *of* TO-DAY

Helen Jerome's Successful Dramatisation of "Jane Eyre" at the Malvern Festival—The Haymarket's Original Thriller

Reviewed by
PHILIP PAGE

MISS HELEN JEROME, having made a very comfortable success with Jane Austen in *Pride and Prejudice*, has now had a shot at Charlotte Brontë, and has produced for the Malvern Festival a version of *Jane Eyre*. The task has not been easy; if Miss Jerome has not, perhaps, scored a bull's-eye, she can certainly claim a good "inner."

What Beachcomber's Sol Hogwasch calls "them Bronts" have caused no little commotion on the English stage of late. But the commotion has been plays about them and not by them. *Jane Eyre* has, I learn, been dramatised several times before. I had never seen it myself on the stage until the Malvern pilgrimage. There was a version (the only one I can trace definitely) by W. G. Wills at the old Globe Theatre in 1882—and I am quite sure I did not see that.

The Jerome version does not make the mistake of attempting to include too much of the novel. Nor is it too "literary"—and that is another wise move; for a play's dramatic value is apt to be in inverse ratio to its qualities as literature. *Jane Eyre* is essentially a melodrama; but it is by no means a simple one, and there are trimmings to it which for theatrical purposes would be intolerable. Here we have, without much adornment, the love story of Jane and Rochester against a grim background. We are told of the fire but we do not see it. We just see the lunatic wife, but not very much of her. It is all neat and efficient and quite moving. In short, a play of both power and beauty. I am glad that Sir Barry Jackson is bringing it to London later in the year, and I imagine that, for more reasons than one, Sir Barry also will be glad.

No changes of cast should be necessary. Miss Curigwen Lewis has not as yet a London reputation, which has nothing whatever to do with the fact that she is an actress of sympathy and intelligence; I could wish for no better Jane, whom she makes demure without being a simperer. When, or if, she sees her names in electric lights in Shaftesbury Avenue it might be advisable to curtail "Curigwen" or find a substitute. It is picturesque and very, very Welsh, but it does not come tripping off the tongue as the names of popular stage favourites should. But that, of course, is entirely Miss Lewis's affair. And there is always Tallulah as a precedent.

Mr. Reginald Tate—another fine performance—tactfully toned down some of the bogey-bogeydom of the grimly amorous Rochester. He was, in fact, the Rochester of one's dreams—if anyone has ever been unfortunate enough to dream about Rochester.

"Under Two Flags" (Film).—Service in the French Foreign Legion is held to be a formidable ordeal, not to be survived except by the ultra-tough. Seeing plays and films about the French Foreign Legion also demands a degree of toughness. It is an ordeal I have undergone several times and my head is bloody but unbowed.

That head received a few more whacks at the Tivoli, where *Under Two Flags* moved its rather slow length along. But only a few. For the film is, on the whole, a good one, and the photography is superb. Never, surely, have the desert sands looked so little like those of Margate (for the excellent reason that this *is* the desert and not Margate), and haggling Arabs, Ouled Nails, thoroughbred horses, picturesque native buildings, and the rest of it, are there galore, and indisputably authentic. Ouida's novel has been transmogrified (for, bless her, Ouida was busy with the Foreign Legion racket long before P. C. Wren and Co. were thought of) into something as vivid and as far removed from gentle Victorian romanticism as it is possible to imagine.

The only serious fault is that the pace (except for the galloping steeds) is on the leisurely side. The bulk of the characters seem to take an unconscionable time to make up their minds what to do and how to do it. Miss Claudette Colbert, preceded by a mighty length of eyelash, is, however, temperamental and tempestuous as Cigarette; what Ouida would have said about the Hollywood fashion in make-up is an interesting, if fruitless, speculation. Perhaps she would have written a book about it.

Almost as pronounced as Miss Colbert's lashes is Mr. Victor McLaglen's American accent; it takes a Britisher, which he is, to be as American as all that. By the way, Mr. McLaglen plays the part of a major, and he is made to address Lady Something as "my lady." But of course in the Foreign Legion anything can happen.

Mr. Ronald Colman makes a first-rate hero, with Mr. Herbert Mundin as his Sancho Panza of a Cockney companion. And Mr. Nigel Bruce cleverly secures the film's one intentional laugh.

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse."—That immortal pedagogue Mr. Wackford Squeers had, it will be remembered, a neat and practical educational method. "Winder?" he said, "spell it W-I-N-D-E-R. Now go out and clean 'em."

Dr. Clitterhouse, the truly amazing hero of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse* at the Haymarket, proceeded on somewhat the same lines. He was interested in crime and writing a book about it. His idea was that criminology is not enough. Studying crime in an armchair and, possibly, attending debates at the Crimes Club are all very well in their way. But to write a really good book about crime (and, incidentally, its relation to blood-pressure) one must actually *be* a criminal. An ingenious notion on the part of the author, Mr. Barré Lyndon, who is, I understand, an authority on motor-racing as well as on crime; though not for a moment do I suggest that he follows the example of his hero and has a practical and working acquaintance with the latter.

There were no half-measures about the doctor. He worked his way in with a gang of crooks, in the first place winning their admiration by refusing to be browbeaten by a bullying police inspector. He then directed and took part in each coup, and the success of each was as amazing as the doctor himself. With a stethoscope in one pocket and, presumably, a jemmy or a knuckle-duster in the other, he helped his friends to help themselves to jewels and to valuable furs. When the sinister "fence," played with admirable villainy by Mr. Charles Mortimer, handed over the proceeds, the Haymarket stage displayed what must surely have been a record amount of "property" money. Bundles of notes came out of portmanteaux, and whether or no the doctor was amassing material for his book, he was certainly amassing enough money to allow him to retire from doctoring. I could not gather what he did with all that money. Possibly he gave it to needy hospitals. Possibly.

He had only one slice of bad luck—the "fence's" girl-friend fell in love with him, which annoyed the fence, who, in jealous indignation, started to find out things and then to blackmail him. So the fence was duly murdered—or, I should say, "bumped off." How the doctor was extricated from this awkward predicament I will leave future visitors to the Haymarket to discover, partly because it will probably be rather more exciting for them, and partly because I do not know myself. For Mr. Lyndon's play does not end so well as it began, though the general level is extraordinarily high. This is an exciting, interesting piece of work, with a good deal of originality about it.

Mr. Ralph Richardson, that excellent actor, plays the doctor with a breezy good-nature and an easy sense of humour which make it difficult to imagine why such a person should have tried so odd an experiment. I venture to think that Dr. Clitterhouse should have a touch of the *macabre* about him—and that is not Mr. Richardson's line at all.

Brilliant is Miss Meriel Forbes as a blonde, gum-chewing "gangster's moll." She proved that we can produce this American article ourselves and that she has a fundamental understanding of the whole art of vulgar allure.

There was not much for Miss Joan Marion to do as a sympathetic nurse except to be sympathetic. Mr. Mortimer was the nastiest of the crooks, Mr. Victor Stanley the liveliest, and Mr. Hugh E. Wright the gloomiest. Mr. Aubrey Hammond has designed some most effective scenes.

(*Continued on page* 280)

SHOWS TO SEE

CAMBRIDGE: *Night Must Fall.*
COLISEUM: *Lilac Time.*
CRITERION: Lilian Braithwaite and Nova Pilbeam in *The Lady of La Paz.*
GARRICK: *Storm in a Teacup.*
GLOBE: Irene Browne and Owen Nares in *Call It A Day.*
HIPPODROME: *No! No! Nanette.*
NEW: Edith Evans and Peggy Ashcroft in Chehov's *The Seagull.*
PLAYHOUSE: Nancy Price in *Whitecoaks.*
ST. JAMES': Celia Johnson in *Pride and Prejudice.*
STRAND: Robertson Hare in *Aren't Men Beasts!*

PERSONALIA

PRINCE EDWARD VISITS HIS GRANDMOTHER: The Duke and Duchess of Kent's son in the arms of his nurse at Liverpool Street Station as he was about to leave London to stay with Queen Mary at Sandringham. His Royal Highness is now over nine months old

HELEN I RETIRES: Mrs. Wills Moody, seven times Wimbledon women's singles champion, who has recently announced that she is finished with international tournament play and intends to concentrate in future on her new work as a designer of sports clothes in a San Francisco fashion house

A Gerti Deutsch study

EXPRESSIONIST DANCER: Pola Nirenska, a clever young Polish girl, who recently gave an exhibition of her skill at the Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square

AN AVIATRIX TAKES TO THE SEA: Miss Winifred Brown, versatile Manchester sportswoman and a winner of the King's Cup Air Race, is planning a world trip in a 45-ft. sailing-boat

POPULARITY ELECTION: Hugh Kirk and Grace Robertson have been voted by schoolmates the most popular pupils at Royal Caledonian Schools, Bushey

LOLA AND LUIS: Instantaneous camera impressions by Lancelot Vining of two charming young dancers who have been proving a great attraction at the London Casino, Soho. The convolutions of Lola's flared and flaming satin skirt are a delight to the eye as the couple speed noiselessly and gracefully over the boards

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

THE TIMES is not, I believe, in the habit of eulogising its special correspondents, so that when it announces that Mr. Peter Fleming's most recent journey, a matter of 3,500 miles on foot and on horseback, is, "as a mere test of endurance . . . an astonishing feat," it is hardly overstating the case.

Mr. Fleming's journey was from Peiping "across the top right-hand corner of Tibet" to Srinagar in Kashmir. From every point of view it was a hazardous adventure to have undertaken, and I cannot help feeling that at his journey's end he should have been welcomed with some kind of demonstration. Unaccountably, or because he has fewer illusions than a reviewer, Mr. Fleming was quite resigned to his lack of welcome in India, and merely records in his habitually unruffled manner, "A hush, through which on all sides could be heard the fell epithet 'jungly,' descended on the assembled guests. We were back in Civilization."

My first duty, in view of that quotation, is to explain the "we." The whole point, as it were, of Mr. Fleming's last two expeditions has been that he has made them alone. Companionship, at least in travel, had no attractions for him. In Peiping, however, at the beginning of 1935, he met Kini Maillart, a Swiss girl, a traveller like himself and with the same taste for solitude. They discussed their plans. Both of them were aiming for the same place, but they had different ideas about their routes. Having discovered that about each other they were able to discuss their routes with complete tranquillity.

Kini's plan, however, soon proved impossible, except on paper, and she was forced to join forces—"reluctantly and rather suspiciously" with Mr. Fleming. "It was against our principles. Kini's last book had been called *Turkistan Solo*, my last book had been called *One's Company*. If we felt foolish starting together, what would we be made to feel when we came back?"

They were determined but not optimistic travellers, and at many of their stopping-places the last entries in their respective diaries was a hope that they would never see that particular place again, on an ignominious way back! Mr. Fleming was armed with a rook rifle (I seem to remember a rather brisk correspondence on the subject), and carried very little luggage and a Leica camera. Miss Maillart carried, or rather took, the equivalent in luggage, "she dressed very much as I did, only rather better," a Leica camera, and a light, windproof tent. "Our supplies . . . though they would have made any respectable modern expedition sick with laughter, proved completely adequate." Sometimes they missed a Primus stove and sometimes they regretted having to share a frying-pan as a wash basin, but "we had with us no single thing which . . . provoked us to wonder, with growing exasperation, what the hell we had brought it along for; and this, I fancy, is a record in the history of expeditions."

The record of their journey is the story of the book, and **NEWS FROM TARTARY** (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.) is a book that you must read for yourselves and that I am not going to spoil for you. Actually, the risk of spoiling it is slight, for Mr. Fleming's writing deserves the name of inimitable, and you will have to hear his adventures first-hand to appreciate them. In the meantime, let me repeat that this is the book to acquire. The adventurous will buy it as a matter of course; the readers of adventure will buy it if they know what is good for them; but the timidest of souls should have the pleasure of discovering it, for why should the others have all the enjoyment? It should be compulsory on every book list.

Incidentally, the author's photographs, sixty of them, are too good to miss.

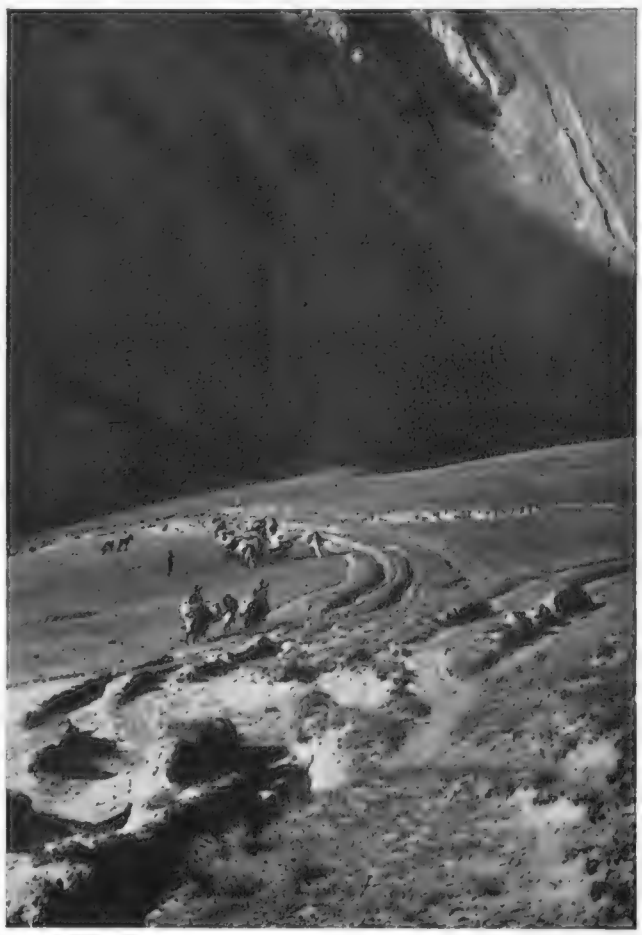
"It is designed, that the Countery shall be furnished once a moneth (or if any Glut of Occurences happen, oftener) with an account of such considerable things as have arrived unto our notice."

This quotation, taken from the first American newspaper, *Public Occurences*, is part of the preface to one of the two best books of the week. **AMERICA GOES TO PRESS** (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is a kind of scrap-book of newspaper cuttings from the time of the Boston tea-party—"that worst of plagues . . . the detested TEA is now arrived in this harbour," vide the contemporary *Massachusetts Gazette*—to the sinking of the *Titanic*, one of the first great catastrophes to be reported by wireless.

The compiler, Mr. Laurence Greene, writes: "Two questions governed the selection of the individual happenings described: 'Was it news?' and 'Was it interesting?'" In answering "yes" to both these questions he has naturally been obliged to leave out a great many events that one might have expected to find, but those that are included provide at the same time the saddest, the most exciting, and the most comic reading.

For those of us whose American history is rather hazy, a great deal of it is surprising. The story of Carrie Nation, who was apt to storm into bars and saloons with her bonnet tied firmly under her chin and a hatchet in her hand, has a militant appeal of its own, and "the bane of the vineyard" as an inspired reporter on *The Sun* called her, was known from coast to coast.

IN THE STEPS OF MARCO POLO: This quaint old bridge spanning the gorge of the Tatung Ho and linking the two Chinese provinces of Kansu and Chinghai is used as a frontier post, but when Peter Fleming arrived there there were no guards on duty and he was able to cross without interference. One of many striking illustrations from Mr. Fleming's book, *News from Tartary*, which is reviewed on this page and in which he tells in his own unconventional and sophisticated way the story of his remarkable Asian journey from Peiping, through north-east Tibet and over the Himalayas to India



THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: A caravan crossing one of the Himalayan passes with a giant rock wall looming up beside the track. Another picture from Peter Fleming's new book, which is as notable for its good photography as it is for incisive writing

The most terrible story of disaster is that of the Johnstown flood, when more than 8,000 people lost their lives after the bursting of a dam. This was "covered" by all the big American newspapers, but the most moving stories were printed in the *World* and the *New York Herald*; simple verbatim reports from survivors presented in a way that showed journalism at its best.

America Goes to Press is worth studying as a curiosity, and as a new, perhaps the coming, presentation of history through the bald, factual accounts of the contemporary newspaper.

In 1873 a tall, sunburnt gentleman with an admirable set of side-whiskers and a great enthusiasm for all forms of sport announced a new game of his own invention. It was to be played on a grass lawn, marked out in the shape of an hour-glass, with a net across the narrow, central part, and side wings, also of netting, attached to the ends of the net. The game was played with rackets and balls, all of which, including the net, could be bought in a special box.

This was Sphairistiké, or lawn tennis, and Major Wingfield, its inventor, in spite of his clumsy choice of names, had launched one of the most popular games of the century. Now in 1936 its popularity is still increasing, and the general level of play is still rising. Tournament play, with Wimbledon as its inspiration, has reached a proficiency that would seem alarming to the players of sixty years ago.

KINGS OF THE COURT (Scribners. 10s. 6d.) is a history of lawn tennis from the days of the gallant and ingenious major to the present victories of Perry and von Cramm. It has been written with admirable impartiality by Mr. Edward Potter, Jr., and it is remarkable, in my eyes at least, for being the first book wholly devoted to lawn tennis which I have been able to read without boredom.

A great many people understand the principles of lawn tennis, thousands play it, and thousands more watch them, but it has never been a very productive subject for writers. Unless one has a very great interest in the game, tennis on paper makes dull reading, but Mr. Potter's book, with its anecdotes of the Dohertys and "Queen" Lenglen, is entertaining from its very first chapter and its description of the early days of the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club.

Mr. Hugh Walpole has a challenger. He is no longer alone as a writer of stories about cathedrals, and I am not sure if he is any longer supreme. Mrs. Susan Goodyear has entered the lists with **CATHEDRAL CLOSE** (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.), a novel which is a good deal less limited in its scope than the title seems to imply.

Like Mr. Walpole, Mrs. Goodyear knows a great deal about the life of a cathedral city; she is familiar with the problems, the friendships, the jealousies, and all the activities of its social side.

"The Close was not just a collection of people, more or less pleasant, all working together at the same job; the place had a spirit of its own, impersonal, or perhaps rather extra-personal, centuries old, still young and strong."

In their different ways each character in the book is strongly affected by the beauty of the cathedral; the ascetic, visionary bishop and the bustling minor canon, the brilliant, liberal-minded dean and the bitter, ageing woman whose whole life has been a disappointment. The politics of the cathedral are their chief interest, and second, a close second to that, the doings of their closest neighbours.

The drama, though, is centred in the Close, and drama it is, for there is a scholarly dean whose past after twenty-five years returns to haunt and finally to ruin him, and there is a lovely Bavarian girl, his illegitimate daughter, whose happiness seems precarious enough. There is the romance of the jolly, rich young canon and the pretty, dull girl, and the tragedy of the plain girl who looked "as if a decent psychologist might help her." There is the canon who drinks and ill-treats his family, the talkative maid who spreads scandal round the Close with the speed of an express train, and finally there are the observers, as it were the *compères* to all the action of the story, the new dean and his wife.

They are intelligent, perceptive, and, by cathedral standards, original, and it is mainly through their eyes that we survey the picture of those other lives. Their comments and their humour animate that picture, and make an adventure of a quiet book.

BOOKS RECEIVED: JOHN MURRAY. THE LOST HISTORIAN: A Memoir of Sir Sidney Low. By Major Desmond Chapman-Huston. 12s. 6d. NELSON.—IRISH LITERATURE AND DRAMA IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: A Short History. By Stephen Gwynn. 6s. PUTNAM.—THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN. By Martha Gellhorn. Preface by H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. FLY-BY-NIGHT. By Eric Hatch. 7s. 6d. CALL ME ISHMAEL. By Loyd Collins. 7s. 6d. TEMPLE PRESS, LTD.—THE MOTOR REPAIR MANUAL. By the Staff of *The Motor*. 2s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—DAVID AND JOANNA. By George Blake. 7s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—CONCRETE CASTLE. By Francis Gerard. 3s. 6d. NUMBER 1 2-3. By Francis Gerard. 3s. 6d.

Holidays in the Sun

SIMPLICITY is always infinitely effective by the sea, and for that reason clothes that are designed for the Riviera are always particularly interesting to Englishwomen.

White or navy flannel suits have contrasting stripes down each side of the skirt. White jersey frocks are trimmed with wine or brown or deep blue. Washing silk dresses have scarlet belts decorated with brilliant peasant embroidery.

Pastel colours are not very greatly in evidence, except a buttercup yellow that is combined with spruce green. Prints are vivid, and three-cornered sunshades are everywhere.

A very charming holiday outfit is shewn on the left of this page. The dress is of white crinkly crêpe printed with a small black design, and the material is reversed for the coat. The frock has a gauged yoke, with epaulette straps down the short sleeves, and the coat has a straight yoke across the back, finished with a tiny frill. This is a model from Chez Beth, of 19, Grosvenor Street, W.

A lovely shade of hyacinth blue is used for the large leghorn hat, which is trimmed with seamed ivy leaves in varying tones of the same shade. It is actually a modified Breton, for the brim sweeps upwards across the front and at one side.

The second hat is designed for Casino wear, and is composed of a large green ostrich feather swirled round the head with the loose fronds cascading from back to front. Both models come from Rose Bertin, of 24, Davies Street, W.

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL TO THE COAST: Cars lined two abreast outside Rochester in a traffic jam on the Saturday of Bank Holiday week-end, when many motorists took nearly an hour to pass through the town on their way to the sea. Similar conditions prevailed at neighbouring Maidstone, and the explanation of the trouble is the now inadequate bridging of the Medway which causes a great concentration at these two points

MOTORISTS BEWARE! Workmen tearing up wood blocks round the Artillery Memorial, Hyde Park Corner, where extensive road repairs have just been started and are resulting in serious traffic jams. It is said that more vehicles pass this spot than anywhere else in England

A BY-STREET INVADED: Buses and private cars thronging Wilton Place, usually a quiet thoroughfare; a result of the traffic diversion at Hyde Park Corner

THE VAGARIES OF LONDON'S TRAFFIC: Piccadilly Circus almost empty during the height of the lunch hour—a picture illustrating the irregularity of the flow of vehicles which is quite often evident even in the rush times

THE PETROL WORLD

THE A.A.'s £1,000,000 INCOME

Sir Stenson Cooke's Go-ahead Organisation—The Potentialities of Ireland for a Motoring Holiday—London to John o' Groats in a Day

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

IT is some years since I drove a Talbot car, but I have pleasant memories of the two I owned in 1928 and 1929. There are not many cars on the British or foreign market to-day which possess that thoroughbred breeding which comes only from first-hand experience in racing. It was, therefore, with keen anticipation that I took over a 3½-litre speed saloon the other week-end. The lines of this car are most attractive, and although it possesses many features which are certainly more than up to date, it has not that unpleasant appearance which some of the ultra-modern streamlined saloons possess. The particular one that was lent to me was finished in black and chromium, the inside upholstery being putty coloured.

This particular chassis is fitted with a six-cylinder 3½-litre engine, a preselector gear-box, also a traffic-clutch. I have a fair experience of fluid fly-wheels and centrifugal clutches, but the one on this Talbot rather disconcerted me at first, the reason being that it had been adjusted apparently to take up the drive somewhere near 1,000 r.p.m. instead of 600 r.p.m. On the road the car was distinctly pleasant. I do not pretend to know from experience what its maximum speed is, but its acceleration was very pleasing and allowed fast times to be recorded from place to place. The steering could not have been better, and the road-holding quality of the car was what I expected it to be. The suspension, which could be controlled from the steering column, was adequate for fast work, and when slackened off was really comfortable at low speeds and light loads. The power provided by a car of this description would, of course, be mostly wasted if the driver was not given good brakes. I am glad to say that I found that no matter how fast I was moving along, or how wet the road was, I could put implicit faith in the brakes bringing me to a quick standstill should I so desire.

FACING A STERN TEST: Mr. Donald Healey, designer and chief engineer to the Triumph Company, at the wheel of the standard 1937 14/60 Triumph Vitesse saloon which he will be driving in the Alpine Trial due to start at Lucerne on August 18

I find the Talbot car a difficult one to write about with a view of giving my readers a fair idea of its capabilities. There may be other cars that will do the same as the Talbot in terms of m.p.h., m.p.g., etc., but it is not so much what it does as the way it does it. It is the latter which is so satisfying and pleasing to the driver. In other words it is a car that is really pleasing to control and as I said in the beginning of my notes this "breeding" has been obtained through experience gained over many years in the racing and competition world. It is often argued that racing is useless and that manufacturers who participate in competitions are merely throwing away money. In some instances that may be true, but if the matter is taken seriously then the manufacturer learns lessons which no other school could possibly teach him. Anyway, the lucky individual who buys a Talbot car soon discovers that racing is worth while and soon becomes grateful to the Talbot Company for having indulged in it in the past, thus enabling them to produce a car that can truly be described as a thoroughbred.

In 1935, when I attended the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association, there were one or two members who criticised the A.A. This year, when I attended a similar meeting, all was stilly silence, which looks to me as if the critics had discovered that their remarks were not endorsed by the great majority of members. It is indeed satisfactory to learn that the membership of the A.A. increased very substantially during the past year, the actual numbers being 39,386. With these additional members the total number on the books on April 30, 1936, was 598,444. For the first time in the history of the A.A. the income from subscriptions and entrance fees for the present year should be over £1,000,000. This figure alone is sufficient to show what a gigantic and enterprising body the A.A. must be. Although they can boast of a very hard-working committee, much of the success is due to the ability and energy of the secretary, Sir Stenson Cooke. If anyone has any doubt as to the useful work which the A.A. carries out each year I suggest that a copy of the committee's report for the past year should be obtained from the offices of the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

I know it is fashionable to spend holidays abroad, but I am not certain that with all the difficulties of money, strikes, and revolutions it is not advisable to stay at home in these islands. Many perhaps may think that motoring in the British Isles is tame and uninteresting. England and Scotland may have been explored, but there still remains Ireland, and the mere fact of crossing the sea brings home to the holiday-maker the fact that he is approaching a different country. Whether the motorist tours in the Irish Free State or in Northern Ireland he will find that he is driving in a country which, so far as scenery is concerned, is entirely different. The roads are good, the inhabitants are pleased to welcome visitors, and hotels are now very much better and fairly cheap.

I would advise anyone who contemplates visiting Ireland to arrange his tour so that he finds himself in Belfast on September 5, for on that date the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race will be run. An unusually interesting entry has been received, and included amongst the cars that will compete are three Talbots and five Delahaye cars from France. In addition, three 4½-litre Lagondas and one 4¼-litre Bentley are down to run. In the smaller classes there are many more interesting cars and in each class there are foreign cars challenging the British product. Altogether there are thirty-six entries, and of these 50 per cent. are British and 50 per cent. are foreign. Another interesting feature about the event is that no fewer than fifteen of the thirty-six cars are in the largest class. This Tourist Trophy Race is run over the public roads on what is known as the Ards Circuit. The total distance which the cars have to travel is 410 miles. If the motorist has not seen a motor race over the ordinary public roads he should see one, as it is a sight which should not be missed.

A correspondent has sent me a letter asking how far I thought an average person could travel between dawn and dusk in an ordinary family saloon, driving in a perfectly normal manner and scrupulously observing 30 m.p.h. limits, etc. This query I find somewhat difficult to answer, but perhaps some of my readers will help me out. Anyway, my correspondent has given me some details of a run of this description which he recently carried out. He set off from the Marble Arch, London, at dawn and going along nicely found himself at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire for breakfast. Lunch was taken at Stirling, tea at Inverness, and John o' Groats was reached just after 9.30 at night. He wishes to emphasise that this run was in no way an attempt at records, no petrol or food supplies being prearranged. Eighty-three 30 m.p.h. limits were traversed, their total distance being eighty-nine miles. All I can say about this example is that the average is fairly high, though I realise that on going north a driver has probably the most favourable conditions for indulging in speed with safety. I certainly would be interested to know of any other long runs.

MODERN AND MEDIEVAL IN A WARWICKSHIRE VILLAGE: A Triumph Dolomite saloon, one of the 1937 models, alongside the centuries-old stocks at Dunchurch on the London-Coventry Road

THE GILBERT and SULLIVAN SEASON in the UNITED STATES

Notable Members of the D'Oyly Carte Company, which is Making a Return Visit to America, Scene of Its Triumphs Last Year

CHARMING SAVOYARDS: Evelyn Gardiner (*above*), who has a pleasing contralto voice, as the Fairy Queen in *Iolanthe*, and Brenda Bennett (*right*), a soprano, as Casilda in *The Gondoliers*, two of the G. and S. operas that delighted audiences during the D'Oyly Carte Company's last tour of the States, which proved such a triumph that a return visit is now being made. They are due to open on August 20 for an extended season at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, and will later go to Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Detroit, and Boston. It is possible that they will be away for nearly a year

DEREK OLDHAM AS NANKI-POO

One of the most accomplished of the D'Oyly Carte vocalists as the Emperor's son in *The Mikado*

Sylvia Cecil, a highly gifted soprano, makes an excellent Josephine in *H.M.S. Pinafore*

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

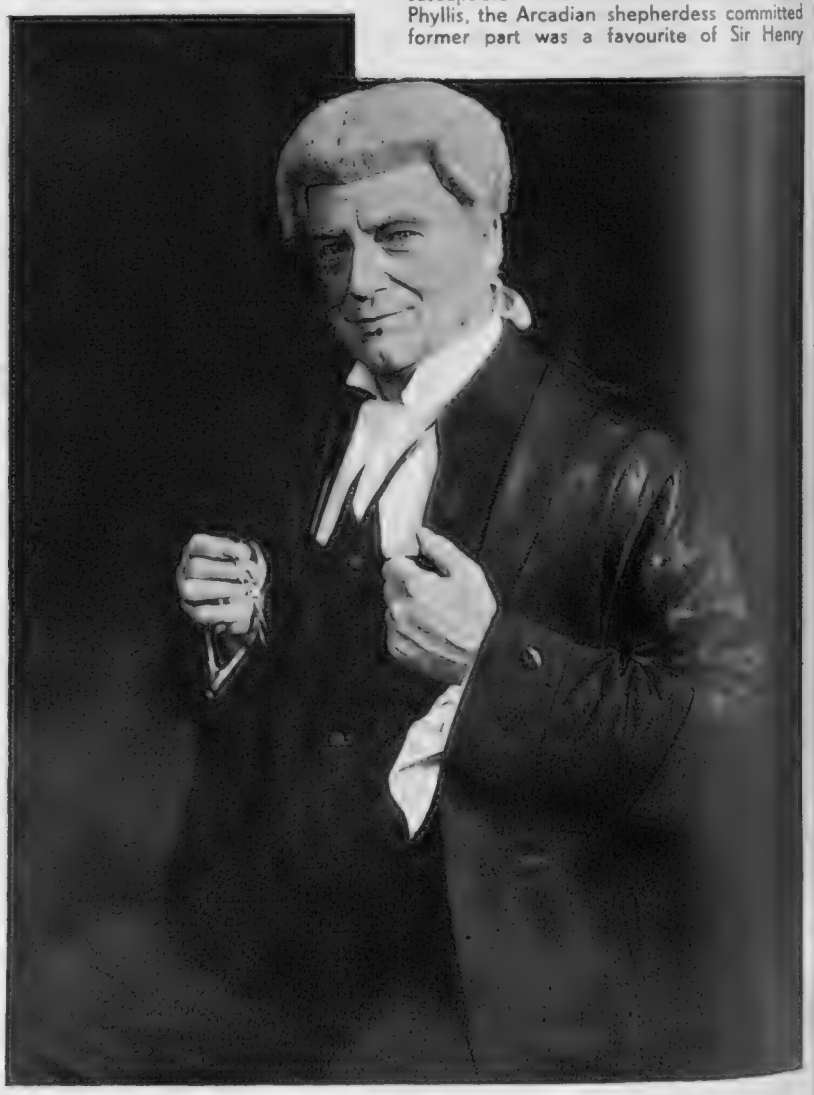
AMERICA AGAIN TO SEE THE SAVOY OPERAS:

BIGWIGS OF TITIPU: Pooh-Bah, the Lord High Everything Else (Sydney Granville), Pitti-Sing (Marjorie Eyre), and Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner (Martyn Green) in *The Mikado*, adjudged by many the most outstanding of the operas for the urbanity of its satire and the topsy-turvydom of its humour which have stood the test of continuous production

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND HIS WARD: susceptible " man of law and Brenda Bennett, Phyllis, the Arcadian shepherdess committed former part was a favourite of Sir Henry

"SUCKLED ON GUNPOWDER AND WEANED ON GLORY"

Darrell Fancourt as Sergeant Meryll in "The Yeomen of the Guard"



"I'LL NEVER, NEVER BUDGE, BUT LIVE AND DIE A JUDGE"

Sydney Granville makes a particular success of this rôle in "Trial by Jury"

Some of the D'Oyly Carte Players Who Will Be Opening Next Week at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York

IN CHANCERY: Martyn Green as the "highly a comparative newcomer to G. and S., as to his care; a scene from *Iolanthe*. The Lytton, one of the greatest of the Savoyards

"FROM EVERY KIND OF MAN OBEDIENCE I EXPECT; I'M THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN": Darrell Fancourt in the title rôle of *The Mikado*, in which he will be seen in New York. This visit of the company to America, which may well prove an even greater triumph than the last, is of particular importance as it coincides with the centenary of Gilbert's birth

"THE TENDER LITTLE HEART YOU'VE LEFT AT HOME"

Tessa (Marjorie Eyre), one of the deserted wives of the gondoliers

LESLIE RANDS APPEARS AS PISH-TUSH IN "THE MIKADO"

A part familiar to this experienced member of the D'Oyly Carte Company

MORE SAVOYARD CHARACTERS

Popular Gilbert and Sullivan Favourites Who Will be Entertaining American Audiences

BEHOLD THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER! Martyn Green, the versatile actor-comedian, who plays the part of Ko-Ko with a verve that epitomises the true spirit of the operas

On Right—SUMMONED FROM HER DARK EXILE: Iolanthe (Elizabeth Nickell-Lean), clad in her "water weeds" after rising at the bidding of the Fairy Queen from the stream to which she had been banished. This actress, who studied singing and German *Lieder* under Sir George Henschel, has played all the soubrette rôles with marked success

THE PRISONER IN THE TOWER: Colonel Fairfax (Derek Oldham), the soldier-hero of *The Yeomen of the Guard*, who is under sentence of death because a relative seeks to inherit his estate

"WHEN A MERRY MAIDEN MARRIES, SORROW GOES AND PLEASURE TARRIES": Gianetta (Sylvia Cecil), wife of Marco, one of the gondoliers

"THOUGH I OWN THAT MY HEART HAS BEEN RANGING"

The Defendant (Robert Wilson) and the chorus of bridesmaids in "Trial by Jury"

"AH, LEAVE ME NOT TO PINE ALONE AND DESOLATE"

Mabel (Brenda Bennett) and Frederic (John Dean) in "The Pirates of Penzance"

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The San Francisco Earthquake

A Hollywood Film With a Wonderfully Accurate Version of the Great Disaster

TRAGEDY ON THE PACIFIC COAST: The ruined City Hall at San Francisco, its dome left intact while the lower columns fell, revealing the steel framework. A picture taken after the great earthquake on April 18, 1906

FIRE FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THE EARTH TREMORS and San Francisco quickly became a blazing inferno. *Below*—The shattered roadways and their craters

However dramatic the historic facts with which they are dealing, however packed they may be with incident seemingly suitable for translation to the screen, most film producers appear to fight shy of maintaining accuracy, working on the assumption, no doubt, that the majority of filmgoers care not a whit how history is mangled provided the box office attraction of a picture is high. In the past there have been some truly astonishing cases of adaptation, to use a mild word, and it is therefore pleasant to come upon a film like *San Francisco* (recently presented at the Empire, Leicester Square) which tells the story of the great earthquake of 1906, and in so doing eschews all flights of fancy, merely welding the various events into highly entertaining screen form.

Indeed, those who see the film and compare Hollywood's version with the illustrations reproduced on this page, which were taken at the time of the earthquake, and with the notes published below will appreciate the accuracy of the producer.

"The city of San Francisco," ran a SPHERE article of 1906, "was, on the morning of Wednesday, April 18, visited by a series of earthquake shocks which injured nearly every building in the city, and with the aid of fires which started in the ruined buildings reduced the greater part of the 'Metropolis of the West' to a heap of ashes. The inhabitants, who numbered about 350,000 had often experienced small shocks of earthquake, but nothing equalling the shocks of Wednesday of last week had been felt since 1868. The first shock occurred at 5.13 or 5.15 in the morning and was followed by another at 8.15, and a third, the worst of the three, at a little before ten o'clock. The shocks shattered a great number of fine public buildings, and nearly every building suffered some damage. A great panic ensued in the face of this catastrophe, which proved to be but a prelude to another calamity. Numerous fires broke out among the ruined buildings, and fanned by an east wind the flames proceeded to devour the city. From Wednesday to Sunday the fire raged, rendering some 200,000 of the inhabitants homeless. Great presence of mind was shown by the military authorities, who at once proceeded to take command of the situation. The sufferings of the population, both rich and poor, were intense during the days of the fire. Soldiers gave up their own rations to women and children, and after the first severe methods with the looters order again reigned. The work of resuscitating their businesses is being undertaken by the inhabitants with a cheerful courage which affords a pleasing contrast to the days of desolation which followed the earthquake."

A NEW CLAIMANT: Some time ago "The Sphere" published a picture of Gyp, a twenty-three-year old dog, believed to be the oldest in Britain. Now comes a new discovery in this white samoyed, belonging to a Mr. Herbert of Bristol, who gives its age as 24

A PRESENT FOR SHIRLEY: This pony, at the moment on exhibition in the "Pets Corner" at the London Zoo, has just been bought by Mr. Joseph Schenk, the film magnate, as a gift for Shirley Temple, the child star. It will be sent to America in the *Queen Mary* on September 4

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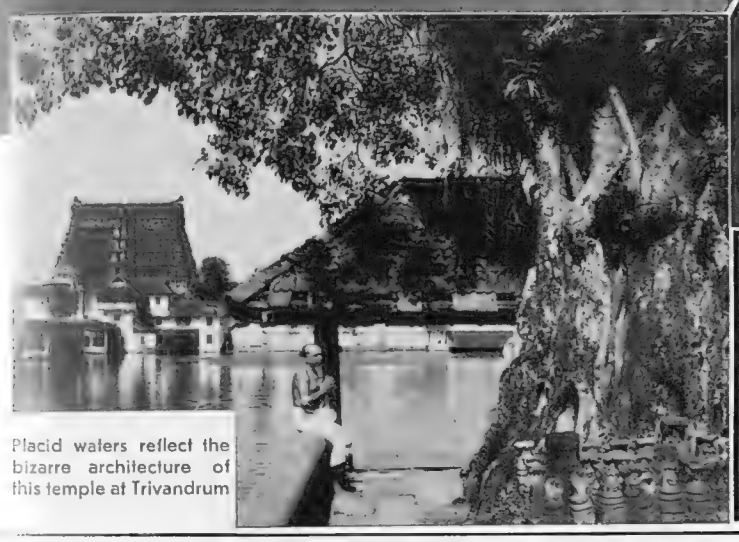

Placid waters reflect the bizarre architecture of this temple at Trivandrum

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Zermatt (5,315 ft.).—**The Hotels Seiler.**—Comfortable and homely hotels with 1,000 beds. Pension rate from 8.50, 9.50 and 11.50 frs. up.

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SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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HOLLAND, THE RIVIERA, AND ITALY

Amsterdam, Mecca of the Art Lover—Monte Carlo's Season in Full Swing

MONTE CARLO.

The Monte Carlo summer season is now in full swing, gala dinners and all manner of other festivities succeeding one another with dizzying rapidity. The Beach hotels are, of course, extremely popular, but they are not by any means the only ones in favour, now that the tradition about the Riviera being impossibly hot during August and September has been finally broken down. The Grand, for instance, among the best known—it has been famous ever since the days when the great Escoffier was chef there—is open regularly all the year round, and its complete modernisation, which was effected in 1934, is typical of the spirit that now pervades the Principality.

ART IN HOLLAND.

This summer Holland is offering an even wider range of attractions than usual to art lovers. It may seem curious that one should go to Amsterdam to see English pictures, but the special loan exhibition representing 200 years of British art, which the Duke of Kent opened a month or so ago, contains a number of important works which come from private collections, and which one therefore only very rarely gets the opportunity of seeing. At the same museum, incidentally (it is the Stadalijk), there is a very fine collection of van Goghs, while the Rijksmuseum, also in Amsterdam, possesses some of the finest pictures of all time, and is especially rich in Rembrandts. At Rotterdam the Boymans Museum is well worth visiting, and there is at present a special loan exhibition of North Netherlandish primitives being held there.

"ATLANTIS" CRUISE ALTERATION.

The *Atlantis* cruise to the Mediterranean which starts on September 4 has been given a new itinerary, "in view of the prevailing conditions." The new route, which should prove no less attractive than the old one, is as follows: Algiers, Malta, Kotor, Dubrovnik, Brioni, Rimini, and Bizerta. An interesting feature of the call at Rimini is that there will be an excursion from there to San Marino, the smallest republic in the world.

MOTORING IN ITALY.

Now that we can go to Italy once more, motor tours there promise to be one of the most pleasant forms of future holidays to be enjoyed. During the last few years all the Italian main roads have been improved out of recognition, and the new "autostrade" are amongst the finest roads in Europe. The Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi, which controls some of the best hotels in Rome, Naples, Genoa, Stresa, Venice, and the Lido, has just brought out a motorist's map on which these are specially marked.

THE SMALLEST REPUBLIC IN THE WORLD: One of the three castles in the little State of San Marino; La Fratta built on the heights of Monte Titano and dominating the surrounding valleys. Those going on the *Atlantis* cruise to the Mediterranean in September will have an opportunity of making an excursion to this stronghold when the liner calls at neighbouring Rimini

THE WONDERLAND OF THE ITALIAN ALPS: Jagged peaks towering skyward in the wilds of Trentino Province, Northern Italy

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is, of course, answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

BRITTANY: Some Hotels on the Coast.

On the north of Brittany we think it would be best for you to stay at Dinard, and from there you could run across to St. Malo by the little steamboats which run about every twenty minutes. Dinan, a charming little place, is not far off, and you should on no account miss Mont St. Michel. St. Cast, Paimpol, and Morlaix are also charming places.

On the south side, La Baule is a much more fashionable place than any of those mentioned above. There is an excellent beach and from here you could easily reach Josselin, Nantes, Vannes, and the surrounding country. If you prefer something quieter you could stay at Le Croisic, but you will not get such good bathing as at La Baule.

There is a good train service from all parts of Brittany to Quimper with which we are sure you would be delighted, but as it is not on the coast you will probably not care to stay there.

We recommend the Hotel Chic, Emeraude Plage, and de la Mer at Dinard, which charge 30 to 35, 40 to 70, and 45 to 100 francs per day inclusive, respectively.

There are several hotels at La Baule—we suggest the Adelphi, 35 to 45 francs; Majestic, 50 to 75 francs; or the Normandy, 35 to 50 francs per day inclusive. At Le Croisic we recommend the Ocean, 35 to 60 francs per day.

GERMANY: The motor route to the Black Forest.

Your best route to Germany would be Dover–Calais–Lille–Brussels–Aix-la-Chapelle–Cologne. From Cologne we suggest you go to Bonn–Coblenz–Mainz–Heidelberg and down to Lake Constance via Ulm. There is an excellent motoring road all the way through lovely country. You could then make for Baden-Baden via Triberg and Biberach, which would also take you through good scenery.

Baden-Baden would certainly be a very good centre for you, and as you will have your car with you there will be no lack of interesting excursions. The Brenner's Stephanie is the de luxe hotel, and the Brenner's Parkhotel very good indeed. A slightly less expensive hotel is the Golf Hotel. The registered mark makes travelling in Germany very cheap; you must purchase these before you leave England either through your bank, or English Transcontinental, Ltd.

THE SUNLIT RIVIERA: The Café de Paris at Monte Carlo. The season at this famed resort is at its height and every form of entertainment coupled with delightful scenery is available

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

MODERNITY IN RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE: The new station at Stuttgart, now one of the most up-to-date termini in the world. An hotel occupies all the left wing of the building

ROYAL NORFOLK HOTEL, BOGNOR REGIS

IN THE SUNNIEST POSITION ON THE SEA FRONT

All public rooms face the sea and own grounds of three acres. Excellent cooking. Every comfort. Fully licensed. Bedrooms with balconies and electric fires. Hot and cold water throughout. Own garage for 30 cars—with private lock-ups. Telephone 40.

Plan for September Now!

Summer lasts longer in Cornwall. The early bird may get the worm but September gets the best weather. Half-an-hour more sunshine than London . . . half-an-hour more for bathing, surf-riding, fishing (trout), shooting, tennis, golf. After the heat of London enjoy the amenities and comforts of a very first-class hotel (String Band and Dance Orchestra) and return refreshed and secure from the cold of a London winter.

THE GRENVILLE HOTEL, BUDE

Second to none in Cornwall. *Brochure with pleasure from the Management.*

THE GRAND HOTEL
CROMER

faces the sea on the West Cliff. It has suites with private bathrooms, hot and cold water in all bedrooms, hard tennis courts, ballroom, billiards, cocktail bar and large motor garage, with private lock-ups.

Phone: Cromer 24. *Apply Manager.*

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Finest Position—Facing Sea.
Three Acres Grounds.
Hard and Grass Tennis Courts.
Near Three Golf Courses.
Ballroom—Billiards.
Electric Lift and Fires.
Garage with Private Lock-ups.

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Illustrated Brochure on Application.

A fine old Coaching House with the emphasis on comfort, cuisine and a good cellar, which serves as a holiday centre for glorious Devon, or for a chance meal and a night's rest . . . be you on business or pleasure bound.

Royal Clarence Hotel

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An Hotel in short where old associations and modern comforts are admirably blended. Grill Room. Lifts to all floors. Please write for Tariff and Illustrated Brochure.

Telephone: 4071-2. *Telegrams: "Royal Clarence, Exeter."*

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A.A. R.A.C. Quiet position adjoining Pleasure Gardens. Lift all floors. Softened Water. Garage 100 yards. Private Suites and Rooms with Bath Room attached.

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Finest position on Sea Front.
Unequalled for Comfort and Cuisine.

Luxurious Suites. Own Garage. Private Bathrooms.

Terms from 15/- daily.

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Only 39 miles from London . . . 45 minutes by electric train . . . 14 miles from Brighton . . . 28 miles from Eastbourne . . . the Birch Hotel, 400 ft. up. In the gardens are tennis courts . . . a swimming pool . . . and golf is but a mile away. And inside . . . an oak-

HAYWARDS HEATH

panelled country house: 22 bedrooms with running water and telephones—in short, all that you expect in a very first-class hotel, and a great deal more.

Telephone: Haywards Heath 670

In Quest of

Keswick, the Pivotal Centre for Tou
Family Have Brought Countr

THE Swiss have earned the reputation of being the best hotel-keepers in the world. It is not really due to any particular characteristic of the Swiss as a nation, but because their hotels and the development of tourist traffic *are* their "national industry," and in consequence the art of hotel-keeping has been handed down from generation to generation.

Actually I believe the Englishman is every bit as suited to take up hotel-keeping as any other national, and I know of many Englishmen to-day who are most ably occupying high positions in the hotel industry.

It is not often, however, that one comes across instances in this country of hotel-keeping having been born and bred in the family, and so I came away from the Keswick Hotel in the Lakes impressed with many things, but in particular the wonderful family of Wivell.

Four generations of this family have been actively associated with the Keswick Hotel, but the more outward and visible driving force to-day is Mr. W. D. Wivell, F.R.H.S. I say "more outward and visible" for his mother, who is nearly in the eighties, still presides over the reception office, whilst his son, in the twenties and fully trained in hotel-keeping, looks after the catering. So as a result of this trinity, plus the inheritance of Mr. W. D. Wivell's grandfather and father, the Keswick Hotel can bear comparison with any Swiss hotel, or for that matter any other hotel which caters primarily for tourist traffic.

Here, then, is an hotel and a place that every English-born person should make a point of visiting. Other nationals, American, French, Dutch, German, Scandinavian, Swiss, Orientals, folk from the Antipodes, and so on, make a point of visiting it, for not only is the hotel unique in many respects and within the compass of each purse, but Keswick itself is *the* pivotal centre for touring Lakeland.

From the grounds of the Keswick Hotel are views of the three highest English mountains, Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and Scawfell. From the dining-room and many bedrooms is a view of the Scawfell Range, a nine-mile panorama.

From the hotel, coaching trips are arranged to every part of Lakeland; there are lovely walks in the immediate neighbourhood, such as along the shores of Lake Bassenthwaite, where is situated another Wivell enterprise, Armathwaite Hall Hotel, and there are the charming gardens of the hotel itself.

Mr. W. D. Wivell, amongst a variety of interests, is a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society and the Royal Society of Arts, and in leisure moments takes his pleasure in the colourful, absorbing several acres of grounds that surround the Keswick Hotel. The flowers, ferns, and rose trees recall themselves to my mind, but what

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

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In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water, central heating and telephone. The terms an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

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Half an hour from City and West End.

A DE LUXE HOTEL AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS.

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Swimming, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

THE KESWICK HOTEL

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

Come to the Keswick Hotel in September if possible . . . the lights on the hills and the tints of the trees are never to be forgotten. Proprietors: J. & M. Wivell and Son. Telephone: Keswick 20

Good Hotels

y ASHLEY COURTENAY

g Lakeland, where the Wivell

lotel Keeping to a Fine Art

impressed me even more was to see how every inch of the kitchen garden was being used to do its allotted task, while three tons of tomatoes are gathered from the greenhouses each year.

At the entrance to the hotel from this side is an acacia tree, which to many will convey a significant note. On the right is a tea-lounge, which is just a prelude to the historical interest of every room, for it contains amongst other interests three authentic chairs which belonged to John Peel. In the other rooms and on the landings will be found a veritable museum—relics of the England that was. In the smoking-room the walls are covered with political cartoons by Rowlandson, Hogarth, and Gillray—published in a day when they were issued in portfolio form and circulated privately amongst the English aristocracy.

There are to be seen, too, collections of old barometers, Toby jugs, and an old clock by which mail coaches were timed in and out of Chester.

But what of the Keswick Hotel of to-day? What of those modern essentials which we all demand? The answer is quickly given. The Wivells are always years ahead of the times. Hot and cold water was installed ten years ago; they did not wait for the electric light supply corporation's mains to arrive, they supplied it themselves, over forty years ago!

When the old horse-drawn coach had to give way to the motor vehicle, harness and bit gave way to the engineer's bench, for their garage is no mere lock-up but a workshop complete!

They spent £1,500 on multi-spring mattresses for their beds. They are always spending, for it is only by such means that the modern hotel can keep modern. Nothing is "unthought of"; they are a self-contained unit. There is a spick and spanness everywhere—this I know for I went behind the scenes and saw *everything*—nor was I expected!

I smelt only one smell when there, apart from the fragrance of the flowers, arranged by Mrs. Wivell, Jr.—it was the smell of freshly made bread, for they have their own bakery.

And now when to go there. If you take my advice you will wait until September, or even later, for the autumn tints on the oak, the beech, and other hard-wooded trees beggar description. Further, without wishing to dishearten people who go there in August, the weather is nearly always excellent in September, and as there is more quality than quantity of people to be found there then, you can enjoy to the full this hotel that is so brimful of interest.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. Telephone 6257.

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Fully Licensed

Overlooking Sea. Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Bedrooms.

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TENNIS, RIDING, GOLF, DANCING, SEA BATHING (one mile)

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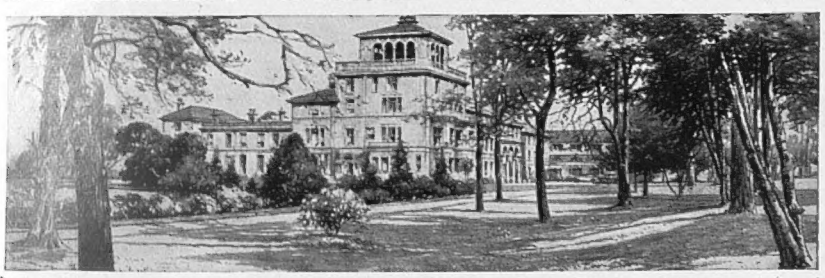

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Fully Licensed. *Wedding Receptions.*

"The bathing is safe and good. There are no sharks, sea-serpents or jelly-fish, and you can bathe from our own special beach adjoining our Annexe (three minutes by car from the Hotel), where teas and light refreshments are always obtainable."

. . . *an extract from our rather original booklet. May we send you a copy?*

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will be appreciated by all those who would escape from the noise of traffic and trippers . . . and would feast on delectable scenery as well as delectable food. Reduced Autumn terms.

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on the shore of Lake Windermere

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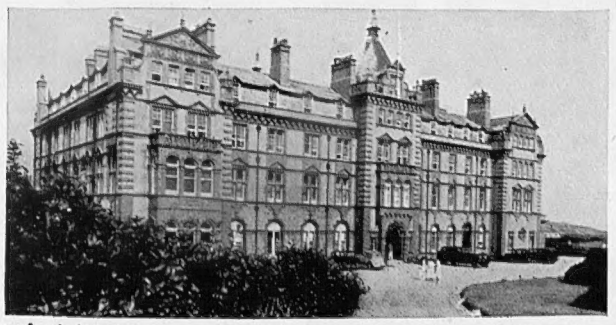

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SCOTLAND.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure

From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed.

WRITE FOR TARIFF

PEEBLES HYDRO

CONTINUATIONS

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S THEATRE RE-OPENED AT VERSAILLES (Continued from p. 254)

for lighting the front of the auditorium. The final models chosen by the Queen represent two figures gracefully bearing great horns laden with flowers and fruit, from which scintillated the flames of ninety-one candles. A long, detachable reflector in silvered brass was placed against the footlights. The orchestra itself was lit with sixteen candelabra. Bouillet, Machiniste et Inspecteur des Théâtres du Roi, constructed the machinery for use on the stage. And in July, 1779, the painter Lagrenée finished work on the ceiling of the auditorium.

Marie Antoinette honoured the architect, Mique, who had conscientiously carried out all the wishes and fantasies of the Queen in the construction of the building, by allowing him to occupy the small apartment situated over the salon and entrance of the theatre. Here Mique installed himself with pride and judged himself master of this property.

A corridor in canvas, mounted on a wooden framework painted green, and lit with reflectors, connected the theatre with the Petit Trianon. This also was sold during the Revolution. At night Marie Antoinette would pass along this corridor to reach the theatre, where she herself used to act with much delight and enthusiasm before the king and a small and much-privileged audience. These plays, mostly comedies, such as *Le Devin du Village*, *On ne s'Avise Jamais de Tout*, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, were acted in the strictest intimacy. Great care was taken that only the royal princes and princesses should be present. The cast was always a restricted and carefully chosen one. This usually consisted, with the Queen, of the Comtesses Jules de Polignac and de Châlons, and perhaps one or two ladies of the Court, and the Comtes de Polignac, d'Adhémar, and Esterhazy. Marie Antoinette devoted a considerable part of her time to a serious study of her parts in these comedies. The king even complained that she had little time left for playing games with him or for going the customary evening walks!

Mercy, the faithful Ambassador, who continually informed Maria Theresa of the doings of her daughter, wrote to her, with seeming embarrassment, of Marie Antoinette's new passion for theatricals. In a letter he sent to Vienna, on August 16, 1780, he informed her of the newly constructed theatre and spoke vaguely of the Queen's projects for acting in comedy. But Marie Antoinette had already played at the theatre on the 1st and 10th of that month. As Mercy rightly suspected, Maria Theresa did not approve of her daughter, the Queen of France, acting in comedies.

Alexander Watt

"PASSPORTS, PLEASE!" (Continued from page 262)

has placed on the immigration of foreigners. In such circumstances, and without a passport, it would be remarkably difficult to prove your British nationality or right to land, and still catch your train.

It is satisfactory, by the way, to realise that in 1926, at the International Conference held under the auspices of the League of Nations to consider passport and travel questions, the Conference unanimously took the view that the British passport was "as near perfection as possible."

But it is extraordinary to realise that at the outbreak of war the Passport Office in London (which is technically a branch of the Treaty Department of the Foreign Office) was run by one clerk assisted by a doorkeeper. To-day, the same official under the name of the Chief Passport Officer controls a permanent staff of about 200, which is almost doubled at this time of year. The record number of callers for one day is 3,600.

The passport system, despite what people say, is not a relic of the great war, nor is it a legacy of D.O.R.A. Letters of safe conduct are first mentioned in England in the time of Henry V, when an Act was passed to the effect that "In all safe conducts to be granted to any persons, their names, the names of their ships, the name of the master, and the number of marines should be given." In those days safe conducts were made out in Chancery.

It was the Privy Council which issued passports from 1540 to 1685. One of the earliest on record was issued by Charles I to "Our trusted and well-beloved servant Captain William Bradshagh, Esquire." In the time of Queen Anne there were two kinds of passport—one signed by the Sovereign and counter-signed by the Secretary of State, for which a fee of 6 guineas was charged; and one signed merely by the Secretary of State, for which the fee was 2 guineas. Until only 140 years ago the practice of dividing the fees among certain officials was regular.

One last point. Until the war a form of passport over which the Foreign Office had no control was issued by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and the Lord Provost of Glasgow. These gentlemen maintained their right to issue passports with great zeal, for it was a privilege dating back to the days before the union of England and Scotland, and it was only in 1914 that the Local Government officials discontinued this ancient practice.

PLAYS AND FILMS OF TO-DAY (Cont. from page 264)

"Chinese White."—If the protecting gunboat had vanished from some remote and barbarous district in China, if bandits were known to be on the warpath, with an easy knack of torture, and if one were a crook engaged in the opium trade, with more nefarious activities hinted at, then you'll have to be a man, my son, if you do not show some signs of the white feather.

Mr. Frank Cochrane, in *Chinese White* at Daly's, showed a whole plumage of white feathers, and with reason, for he was a very wicked though clever man, and he had got so much on the wrong side of some Chinese bandits that they hated the sight of him and also hated his sight. So they put out his eyes after many thrilling adventures, and vice was not triumphant.

His partner, played by Mr. Edmund Willard, was slightly less villainous and got off more lightly. The heroine was half-Chinese and half-European, but quite whole-hearted in her determination to woo and win a handsome young missionary whom she loved for himself alone. The play, which includes a strange but thrilling form of trial by ordeal, leads up to the happy reunion of the lovers and ends in a spirit of conquering virtue. Incident follows incident in rich profusion, and there is enough material here for about half-a-dozen stirring melodramas.

West of England Amateur Golf Championship

This Championship will take place at the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club, Burnham, Somerset, from September 9 to 12. Entries must reach the Secretary (with entrance fee 1 guinea) not later than September 7, 3 p.m. There will be a stroke competition on September 8, entrance fee 5s. Prizes to the value of £5 will be given for the best net and gross scores. Competitors will be made temporary members of the club from Monday, September 7, till the close of the competition.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A Great National Work. This is a true description of the work that is being carried on by the Society. Will you who love children please help to maintain the 1,100 boys and girls in the Society's various Homes and the Training Ship *Arethusa*? Funds are most urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary at the Society's Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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The Famous CHIBERTA GOLF LINKS

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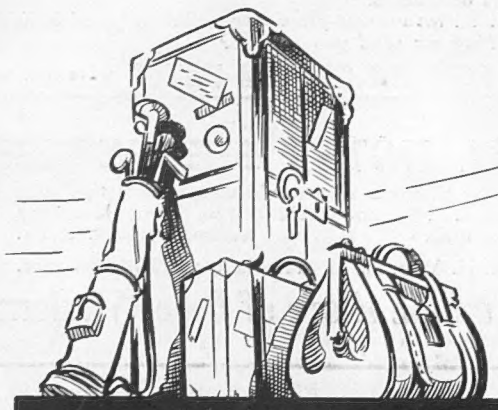

LIFE BEGINS AT

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National Advertising

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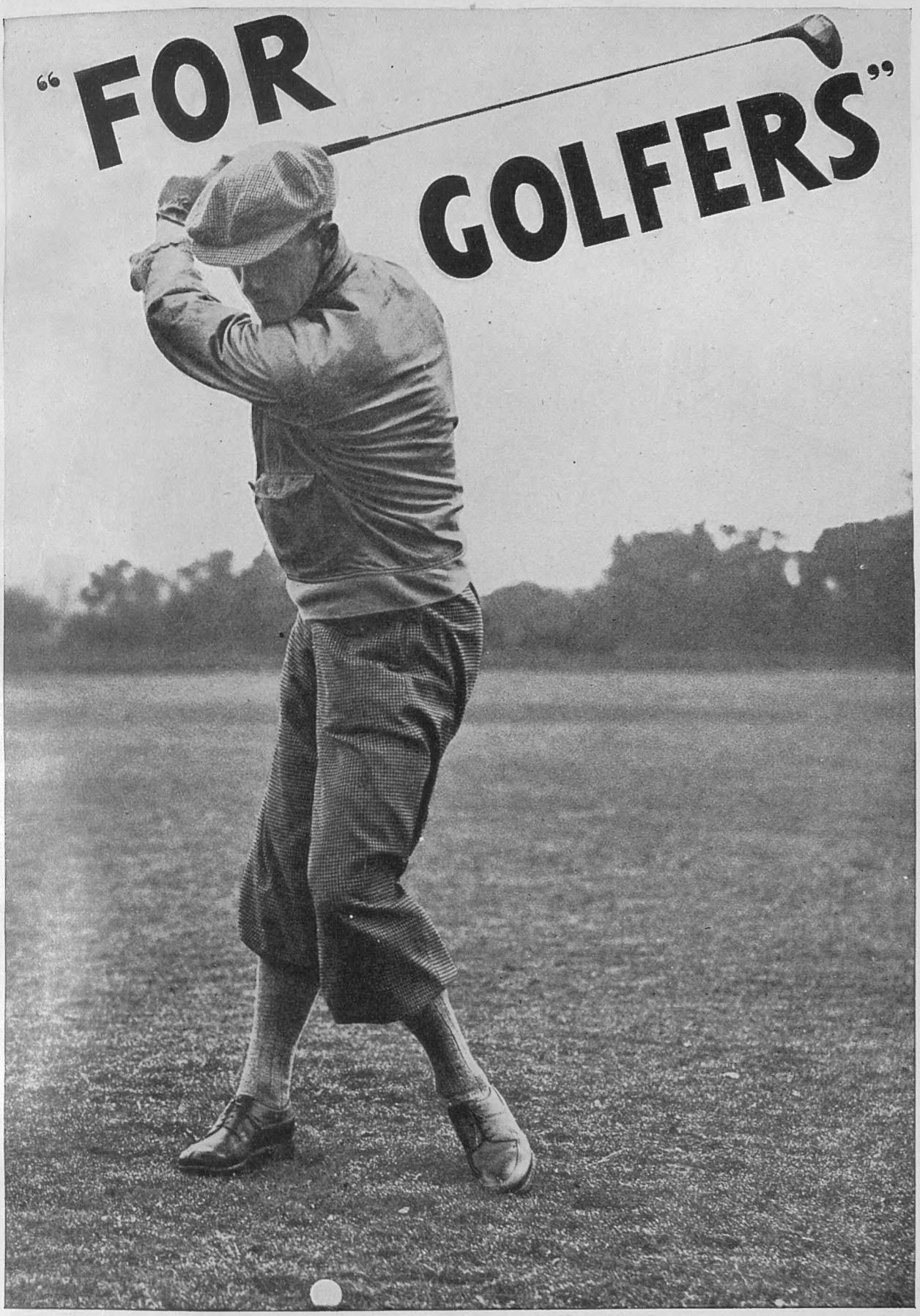

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